SENIOR DOME

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The Dome

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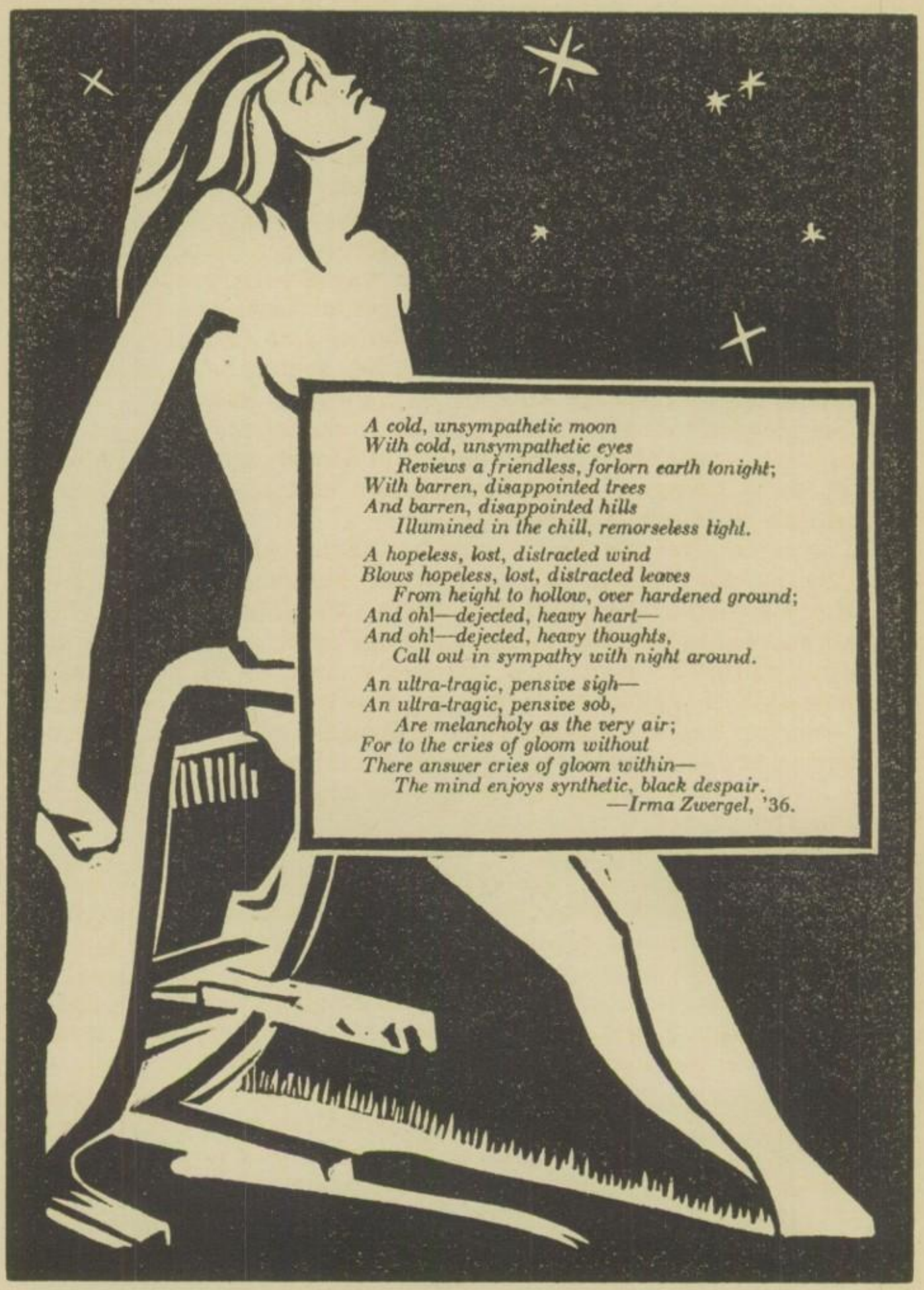


A cold, unsympathetic moon
With cold, unsympathetic eyes
Reviews a friendless, forlorn earth tonight;
With barren, disappointed trees
And barren, disappointed hills
Illumined in the chill, remorseless light.

A hopeless, lost, distracted wind
Blows hopeless, lost, distracted leaves
From height to hollow, over hardened ground;
And oh!—dejected, heavy heart—
And oh!—dejected, heavy thoughts,
Call out in sympathy with night around.

An ultra-tragic, pensive sigh—
An ultra-tragic, pensive sob,
Are melancholy as the very air;
For to the cries of gloom without
There answer cries of gloom within—
The mind enjoys synthetic, black despair.

—Irma Zwergel, '36.

HITHER, LOATHED MELANCHOLY *Gene Fowler*

DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS

WARREN KLUBER, '35

O the modern and up-to-date actress, publicity, of the widest and most comprehensive sort, is her most important asset, and when Miss Patricia Pemberton went into management on her own account, she could truthfully boast that she was as well known as any woman in England, inside or outside her own profession. There were good reasons for this. She was a very beautiful young woman. Her figure was perfect; her face, if not quite so faultless as her figure, had charm and vivacity; her eyes exceeded her person in perfection. But her system of publicity was the principal reason for her success. Being known in London was not to Miss Pemberton a measure of achievement. Her idea of fame and popularity was to be as well known in Manchester as in Berwick-on-Tweed, in Glasgow as in Birmingham and claim the whole of England as her stamping ground.

Therefore after the break with her agent, when she finally decided to manage herself, she severed all connections with London and began a tour of the provinces, as she affectionately called them. And so successful was her campaign, that after a year and a half, she could truthfully assert that she was known, loved, and admired by thousands of regular theatre-goers who would never have heard of or seen her had she confined her brilliancies to the neighborhood of Shaftesbury Avenue. Her advent in these highly important towns and cities was looked for and anticipated as the theatrical event of the year.

Together with her rise to country-wide popularity, a great many things about Miss Pemberton began to be known. It added zest to her personality that she was neither married nor promised in marriage. She never went anywhere by train but traveled exclusively in her twelve-cylinder Armstrong-Sidely, that was the delight as well as the envy of everyone in England, with the possible exception of the Royal Family. There was another thing known about Miss Pemberton—wherever she went, and wherever she appeared, she carried with her, and always wore on the stage, whatever character she represented, her famous diamonds. There was no great difficulty about fitting in the diamonds to any of her parts, for Miss Pemberton's specialty was the society woman. She was the sort designed by nature to be displayed in magnificent dresses, in luxurious surroundings, and the diamonds came in splendidly. Ill-natured folk said that the majority of people went to the theatre when Miss Pemberton was there only for the purpose of seeing her diamonds, but had Miss Pemberton been told this, she would have

been sure to remark in her calmest tones that it didn't matter so long as they paid for their seats. Everybody knew that she was inordinately fond of them, but only a few knew that that was what was contained in the brown morocco box strapped at her wrist, which she carried in her hand as she went from theatre to theatre, and town to town.

At the time the story opens, Miss Pemberton had just concluded a triumphal success in one of the major English cities and was on her way together with her maid, Annette, to Eastbourne where she was opening on the morrow in a new play. The day was a beautiful one in early autumn and as she drove leisurely along, she fell to admiring the beauties of nature in autumn. How beautiful the golden fields and the darker hillsides. Soon, perhaps, she would retire and buy a farm herself. But could she successfully resist the lure of the stage? About that she was doubtful. She was rudely awakened from her reveries by the sight of a motorcycle on its side in a ditch and the dark form of a man in the road. Quickly stopping she had opened the door of her car and was about to get out when she was amazed to see the apparently injured person nimbly jump to his feet and level an ugly-looking automatic in her general direction.

Miss Pemberton was not the sort that screams, and she did not scream now; her maid did that for her, sharply and on the instant.

"Stop that, Annette!" commanded Miss Pemberton. "It will do no good," and staring angrily at the young man, she said, "What on earth do you mean. What is this?"

"What is it?" he said. "Quite a small matter, Miss Pemberton. This is a hold-up, pure and simple."

Miss Pemberton gasped. Her hands slid from the wheel. "Keep your right hand out of that pocket!" said the young man sternly. "No trifling with that revolver of yours."

"I—haven't got a revolver," faltered Miss Pemberton. "Upon my soul and honor, I haven't. People say I carry one, but I don't. Honor bright!"

"Put your hands on that wheel again, anyway," commanded the highwayman. "And let your maid keep hers in sight, too. Now, business. I want those diamonds."

"My diamonds?" exclaimed Miss Pemberton. She looked him up and down, feigning intense surprise. "You—aren't a—a thief!" she said. "You!—a gentleman!" A faint flush stole over the gentleman's features. But his eyes were as hard as ever, and his lips firmer than before.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" he answered. "Better gentlemen than I have found it necessary to take a purse before

today. Now, come—the diamonds."

"You would rob a woman?" said Miss Pemberton with simulated scorn. "A hard working woman, too?"

"If a woman, however hard-working, is so foolish as to carry fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds about with her on the King's highway," remarked the young man, "and to let that fact be known, what can you expect to meet but a highwayman? I'm the highwayman—so stand and deliver."

Miss Pemberton suddenly leaned nearer to him. A curious expression came over her face.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Then, of course, I'm at your mercy. But not in the way you think, my good man. Look here! Are you very hard up? Come now?"

The young man hesitated, flushed a little and gave his questioner a queer, suspicious glance.

"Well, not hard up to the extent that I have nothing at all. I've a fair lot as a matter of fact; couldn't carry this out without funds, you know. But—I want a big haul. Why?"

"I said just now I'm at your mercy," replied Miss Pemberton. "I shall have to tell you a secret. Look here. If I give you a hundred pounds in notes just now, will you swear to keep my secret? This —this is quite apart from the other matter. When you've heard the secret, you can rob me of my diamonds if you want to. But I don't think you will."

"Secret? What do you mean?" demanded the captor. "What's all this? What secret?"

"This!" said Miss Pemberton, leaning still nearer. "Supposing —just supposing, you know—that these aren't real diamonds at all, that they're paste, eh?—that it's all a big bluff—advertising, publicity, all that sort of thing, you know! Paste, imitation, all right on the stage. Supposing that nobody knows, and that I don't want anybody to know either. As you've forced me into this predicament, take a hundred pounds and keep the secret."

The highwayman, who, until that moment, had kept his revolver at an unpleasant angle, dropped it, and drew back a foot or two. He gazed moodily at his victim.

"Are you suggesting a fact?" he asked.

"I am," retorted Miss Pemberton, and giving him a knowing look said, "do you think I—a business woman—would be such a fool as to carry real diamonds about in this way?" she asked. "Of course not! I have a few good diamonds, but they're in London. Don't," she added with a coaxing smile, "don't give me away. The public like to talk about my diamonds, so let them."

The highwayman took off his cap and rubbed the top of his head. Miss Pemberton noticed that he had curly hair. He suddenly

lifted his face with a queer smile. "Oh, hang the paste, and the hundred pounds too," he exclaimed. "Look here!—a fair deal. Give me a kiss and I'll keep the secret. There—just one."

"Oh!" faltered Miss Pemberton. "I—well—"

The maid looked discreetly aside. Soon she heard her mistress' voice.

"Would you really have robbed me?" asked Miss Pemberton.

"I would, indeed!" declared the disappointed one. "However—I've had that! Well.....there's an end to it!"

Half an hour later Miss Pemberton drove into Eastbourne. But instead of going straight to the hotel, she made an inquiry, and then went straight to the private residence of the principal banker. When she returned from there shortly afterward and reentered her car, the morocco box was gone from her slender wrist.

"I've left the diamonds with that banker man, Annette," she observed quietly to her maid. "They're getting a bit notorious."

William Weber

A GARDEN BALLET

I've often thought of flowers
In all their pretty clothes
As maids in ballet costumes
And dancing on their toes.

Claire Busch, '37

MAN

It's commonly granted, by those that have knowledge
That each man's a shrinking and sensitive dear;
From rompers to knee-pants, and far beyond college,
You treat him with care or you're thought of as queer.
He's pleased to the utmost if you think him tragic
And to him attribute long ponderings at night;
You say that his smile's irresistibly magic—
He pictures himself as a cinema light.
And if at his strength you seem greatly astounded,
And if you quite laud his Herculean ways,
He'll not find your flattery one whit unfounded,
Nor think it removed from plain, justified praise.
He's so overjoyed when you sigh at his learning,
And sadly confess that you know but a bit!
He beams when you call him "well-versed" and "discerning",
And glows when you compliment him on his wit.
But though you praise puns of his clever invention
And heartily hail each new joke that he cracks,
The gravest of errors, besides condescension,
Is laughing at him and the points that he lacks.
Oh wits we have many—they jeer and they wrangle—
But fellows who in their own vanities find
A rich source of humor—a quaint comic angle—
Are rare as a lunatic in his right mind.

Irma Zwergel, '36

WOMAN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction;
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions.
She's afraid of a cockroach; she'll scream at a mouse;
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
She'll take him for better; she'll take him for worse;
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse,
And when he is well and can get out of bed;
She'll pick up a teapot and hit him on the head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, and she's kind.
She'll pick up a man, and then cast him down;
She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.
You'll figure she's this; but you'll find that she's that;
For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't;
You're always expectin' she will, but she "don't".

Virginia Healy, '35

SAY IT ISN'T SO

Andrew F. Wilson, '25

THE label on the bottle said muriatic acid. Grimes reached up shakily and took it off the shelf. God! but that pain in his heart tortured him. He had made one slip as a clerk in a Wall Street office. The omission of a decimal point had cost his firm millions of dollars. Of course he was fired. He had no friends. In desperation, he had tried to kill himself with a quick stroke of the ice-pick. To his horror, it had broken off at the handle and had stuck in his breast. No blood was flowing, because the round pick had made a hole and not a gash, and in itself had effectively closed up the opening. It just touched the heart, and sent a twinge of excruciating agony through his frame at every breath. He had staggered to the medicine-chest to find some quick-acting poison. His eye had fallen upon the muriatic acid. He pulled the cork from the bottle with a hollow pop, and drank the contents. A terrific pain enveloped him. He fell to the floor and lay insensate.

That day, the landlady came to collect the rent, and found the body of Grimes. Screaming unintelligibly, she ran out for a policeman. The officer called headquarters, and the regular routine of examining and photographing the body took place. Grimes was pronounced dead from the stab of an ice-pick, the tip end of which protruded from his chest. Commenting on the bottle of muriatic acid, the physician in charge said that the acid itself was not harmful, but was used to eat away various metals. Two days later, the suicide was carried in a pine box to the Potters' field. The coffin was placed in a newly-dug excavation, and the workmen left, intending to fill the hole in the morning.

During the night, a lone newsboy, passing by the cemetery, was sent racing off terror-stricken by the sound of the screams and muffled cries for help. He was greeted with disbelief by the first police officer he encountered. But when two frightened workmen came rushing down to the neighboring precinct with the tale of a dead man's kicking the cover off his coffin and escaping, a patrol was at once sent to the cemetery. In the bottom of the grave lay an empty coffin, with the foot board splintered. A few shreds of cloth clung to the edges of the wood, as if a man had crawled through the opening. Footprints showed plainly in the wet clay about the excavation. A faint trail of them led through the cemetery and out the back gate. The prints were close together and rather smeary, as if the person had had trouble walking. The cement sidewalk of the street stumped the trailers for awhile, but just inside the park on the other side of the street, they finally caught sight

of a very disheveled and wild-eyed man sitting limply against a tree. He babbled incoherently as he was taken to the hospital. He was there identified as Grimes, who had supposedly committed suicide.

The theory is that the poor fellow had fallen into a cataleptic sleep, brought on by the severe agony, and that this coma wore off when he had been buried. The torture the wretch must have undergone when he realized that he was entombed alive will never be known. Although he received excellent psychopathic treatment, his mind has become that of a little child. He is whiling away the rest of his days in an up-state home for those having such mental deficiencies. As for the ice-pick, after the puncture in his breast had healed over, an x-ray failed to show any sign of it. It had been dissolved by the muriatic acid.

DREAM VISIONS

Count them, till sleep comes;
First quickly— then slowly—slowly;
Woolly-white shadows
Scatter through the green Dream
Fields;

Softly they come—
More of them—more of them
Till it's all a haze of moving whiteness
Broken by the bright brown of their
eyes.

The shadows rise and fall, and then
Softly they go—
My eyes are closing—closing,
To the unheard music of the night
things,

Of moving sheep on velvet grass,
Bells ringing—ringing,
Birds of the far-off world
Singing—Singing—

Ruth Sobeck, '34

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Dorothy Schmidt, '34

GRACE MURRAY had two brothers, a little one whom she adored, and a big one, who was so called to distinguish him from the smaller, although he was younger than she. It is mainly with the older one, Bob, that we are concerned, although little Dick is connected with the story too. Secretly Grace thought Bob was a pretty nice fellow, but you would never have suspected it from the continual quarrels.

At that mischievous age of fourteen, Bob was eternally embarrassing Grace by his, to her, awful actions. You see, Grace had a boyfriend, several in fact, and while she did not take them too seriously, she did not like Bob's antics either.

It all started one night when she had gone for a walk with Tom. They had returned early, and as it was a warm summer's evening, they sat down on a bench at the side of the house. Bob was upstairs in his bedroom and heard the murmur of their voices as they discussed the movie they had recently seen. When he peeped out of the window, the temptation to play a trick on them became too great for so weak a mortal.

Just as the conversation turned to swimming, a cloud burst over the heads of Grace and Tom. Spluttering and drenched, they looked up to see Bob's head and a water pail disappearing within the window. Grace was indignant; Tom, wet but amused, for being a boy himself, he could see Bob's point.

Rushing inside, Grace found her mother and tearfully told her the horrifying incident, while Tom stood by still dripping but still cheerful.

"Something ought to be done about him. He thinks he's too big to be spanked."

"Oh, it's all right, Grace," said Tom, "he's just a kid."

"But look at us. Your suit's probably ruined and my dress will shrink." Unable to say any more, she rushed upstairs. She called down a muffled "Good-by, Tom", and threw herself on the bed where she lay in utter mortification until she remembered her wet clothes ought to be taken off.

Bob's father gave him a very thorough scolding, which was not quite as effective as it should have been, because Mr. Murray had to stop every now and then to cough into his handkerchief.

It would have been all right if that had been the end, but his first success made Bob ambitious. The worst of it was that besides his well planned tricks, he and Dick often unwittingly did things that were quite as bad as those he had carefully thought out. Take

the time he spilled the coffee on the seat and forgot to wipe it up and Eddie sat in it. Or the time little Dick took her lipstick and drew the alphabet all around Tom's new panama hat.

For a long time Grace had been hoping that Frank would ask her to the Tech prom. Bob, who went to Tech, knew of this. That was how the next big quarrel originated. As Frank's birthday happened to fall on Thursday of the following week, she bought a card on Saturday. She wasn't sure whether one sent birthday cards to boys, but, she thought, "he probably wouldn't know either." In any event, she signed and addressed the card and put it in her desk drawer. Then on Sunday she went to a friend's house for the week. It was only on Wednesday that she remembered the card and hurriedly phoned her mother to mail it. Now, Mrs. Murray should have known better, but she gave it to Bob to mail. Grace felt perfectly happy until she met Frank one day.

"Oh, Grace," he said, "where are you going to get the tickets to the Tech prom?"

"Omigosh, somebody's told him I expected to go," was her first thought.

"What do you mean?" she asked trying to think of a plausible excuse.

"Well, why did you put that on the back of the envelope?"

"Put what on the back of what envelope?"

"Stop kidding, on the birthday card envelope. It said, 'Frank, get your tickets for the Tech prom from me.' "

Then a light dawned. "Bob," she gasped. And then ensued a long explanation of how Bob went to Tech and probably had bids to sell, and she didn't know a thing about it, and he must have done it when he mailed it, and how it happened that he mailed it, and he'd get a good thrashing for doing it, but here she ran out of breath, and with suspicious abruptness said good-by.

When she arrived home, she burst into the house and slammed the door. "Mom," she wailed, "guess what Bob's done now?" She gave the details and then, "Think of that! On a birthday card! On the envelope where the mailman and everyone could see it! And now Frank knows I wanted to go and—and—everything's spoiled."

For days she wouldn't speak to Bob, but this only made matters worse. When Frank came and asked why they weren't speaking, Bob cheerfully told him. "Grace is sore because I wrote that on the birthday card, and she says now you know she wanted you to ask her to go to the prom." Grace choked and once more rushed upstairs. "Oh, heavens," she moaned, "Why did I have to have a brother?"

A skating craze had swept over the neighborhood and again died out. Grace, however, still went skating because she went for

the enjoyment of it and not because it was the style.

One night she and Eddie went skating in the park. While skating, they discussed the paper which Grace's alumni published. Eddie thought it was pretty good except for the scandal column.

"It's so cheap," he said. "You find it in all the poorer type of papers. Anyway it's only interesting to the few who know the people who are talked about."

Although Grace really agreed with him, she defended the paper, saying that the column was O. K. Imagine the shock which awaited her when she read the next issue of the "Alumni Antics". There on the top of the column was this:

"So Grace Murray has a new flame. She's seen almost every night out in the park skating with him. His initials are E. G. Let's hope that she doesn't drop him as soon as she did the others."

Eddie of course supposed that the item had gone in with her consent since no one else had been in the park that night. Besides hadn't she said the column was all right? Once again Bob had scored; this time more than he really knew, for he didn't know of Grace's conversation with Eddie.

Since Grace planned on having a party, she determined to make sure nothing would happen.

"Mom, you watch Bob all night and see that he doesn't do anything, will you? Make him go to bed early."

"Of course I will, Grace. I can appreciate how he embarrasses you." Serene in her mother's promise, Grace went ahead.

It was a day before the party, and Grace was in a fever of excitement. "Did you order the olives, mom, and the pickles? Are you sure they're delivering the punch bowl tonight? Suppose they forget my cake?"

Mrs. Murray tried to calm her daughter, and then she remembered. Very casually she said, "By the way, Grace, your father and I are going out tomorrow night. The Beckers have invited us to come over."

"What? But, mom, what about Bob?"

"Now, Grace, it's all right. He'll behave himself, if I tell him to. I'm sure you don't need us as chaperons."

"Oh, yes, he'll behave himself!"

The party was in full swing. The radio orchestra had just stopped playing and for the time being, everyone was sitting down. In stalked Bob, a smudge of dirt on his nose, and jelly stains on his shirt. "Hello, everybody. I'm going to show you some card tricks. Look!" And he proceeded to try various tricks which of course didn't work.

"Bob, please go out in the kitchen. There's some candy there," tempted Grace.

"Okay," Grace breathed a sigh of relief at the ease with which she had gotten rid of him.

Once again the boys and girls were dancing. Suddenly, a huge something zoomed into the room, hit one of the girls on the head. She stumbled, and fell against her partner who fell backwards onto a tray of sandwiches on a small table. When the wreckage was finally cleared up, Grace discovered that Bob had "only sailed his new model plane into the parlor to have some fun."

Thinking to get rid of him, she gave him some money with which to get the ice cream for the party. She waited a half hour, then an hour and decided he had gone off with the money. Well, she'd make coffee, so that they could at least have coffee and cake. When the coffee was finished, she went to the cake box. But there wasn't any cake. Maybe it was in the refrigerator. Nooo—well, where was it? Suddenly she realized that she had been hearing noises in the cellar. In a flash, she ran down, but too late—there was Bob and several of his cronies contentedly finishing up cake and ice cream.

After the party, Grace and Bob didn't speak for several weeks. The end came quite suddenly. Grace noticed something was wrong. She had brought two new boyfriends around and nothing had happened.

"Mom, what's wrong with Bob? He hasn't annoyed me for so long?"

"I don't know what's come over him. He isn't acting normal," said his mother. "Why he washes his neck every night, and puts on his best suit, and I even caught him using your silk handkerchief in his pocket."

Once again a light dawned. "Oh, I know," Grace sagely replied, "now he's got a girl friend."

THE LAST ILLUSION

It was a foolish thing —but dear
To me . . .I could not loose my hold—
Its crystal heart before my gaze
Sent glints to blind my willing eyes—
But while I looked, a scornful hand
Swept off with it . . .I was forlorn . . .
And as I heard the fragments smash,
I knew my love lay shattered there.

Myrtle Ilsley, '36

"SOAP TAKES THE CAKE" *Margaret Oswald*

SOAP

Bruce Thurston, '34

URELY of all the annoying and unnecessary discoveries, soap takes the cake. Ever since some weak-minded person, more than likely for the lack of something worse to do, made the first piece of soap, Johnny has had to wash his neck every morning and evening. There—that practically proves how we all, like sheep, have gone astray. How on earth does a preson's neck become soiled while lying in bed? If parents realized what a downright degrading effect soap has on children, they would cast all soap to the four winds.

On Saturday night when Mother tells little Johnny to lather up the brush so she can scrub his neck, Johnny reaches warily for the glistening soap. But the soap has other ideas. With the agility of a Mexican jumping bean, it hops with an eye-filling splash into the water. In a terrible tone Johnny says what he heard his Pop say one day when he hit the wrong nail with his hammer. What does Mother do—instead of buying a clay pipe, she immediately pries open Johnny's mouth with the handle of the bath brush, and stuffing the soap in, clamps it shut again. Then Johnny gets the inside of his neck washed also.

Think of how much longer the woodwork in the kitchen would last if Mother or the maid were not always scrubbing it. The real reason why China has no more trees is that the industrious housewives used to scrub away on the average of two baseboards, three dishclosets, and four window frames a day. Some Chinaman advertised that if the housewife scrubbed her woodwork with his soap, instead of having dishpan hands and looking old before she was thirty, she would have lily white hands with nary a crack. (Note: The soap was so thick it filled up the cracks.)

In the old days Pap used to take the dirty family supper dishes and the family cat down to the brook. When he came back, both the dishes and the cat were clean. Nowadays, when Johnny tries to sneak out to the movies after supper, he finds a dishtowel thrust into his hands. If soap didn't leave a film on the dishes, Johnny wouldn't have to wipe it off. Film doesn't have to be wiped off the screen in the picture house, because it is always in motion.

That soap is the most annoying thing in the world is proved by the fact that the happiest day in a boy's life is the day his parents stop scrubbing him and let him bathe himself.

WEBSTER HAD A WORD FOR IT —

Bernard Singer, '34

JOE SMITH stood up to his four feet and eleven inches of height and walked down Broadway with it. Polite people called Smith a little man, sympathetic people called him a midget, and street corner rowdies called him a shrimp. So, all in all, Joe was a miserable man. But misery loved company, and it was Smith's delight to think of Napoleon. Joe wasn't sure whether he put himself in Napoleon's class, or whether he put Napoleon in his class. In either case, he had pictures of Napoleon hanging on the walls of his room, and a bust of Bonaparte placed on his bureau, and that is certainly more than Napoleon could have done with Smith's bust and pictures.

Turning into a side street, Joe noticed a large sign hanging from a first story window. This is what he read:

TURNOVER & ITHICA LITERARY SCHOOL

Writers Are Not Born — They're Made and We Make Them

Under this statement, Smith read this command:

LOOK AT SHAKESPEARE!

Smith was just literate and not literary. He wondered whether Shakespeare owed his success to this school. If he did, then this school deserved to be looked into. That's just what Smith did. He looked into it. He saw no office on the bottom floor, and therefore he peered up the one flight of wooden stairs; at the top, he saw a door much in need of paint.

Going up the stairs, Smith's weight, even the little of it that there was, played a symphony of squeaks on each step. Finally he reached the top. There on the door in gold letters was the same story Smith had read on the sign in the street. He opened the door and entered a waiting-room. Instantly two men jumped to their feet. One looked like Jeff, the other looked like Mutt; but both had signs of disturbed sleep in their eyes.

The little man said in a deep voice, "My name is Robert Q. Ithica," and indicating the taller man with his hand he continued, "and this is my partner, Thomas Turnover." The word Turnover sounded like a verb, and Smith at first expected Thomas to do just what the little man had commanded.

After a few seconds of thought, Joe introduced himself to the two men.

Then, Ithica began applying sales pressure. "Mr. Smith, you enroll in our school and your fortune is made. We teach any phase of literature. In front of you, you see the Playwriting Department, on your left is the Novelist Department, on this side is the Short Story Department, and on the right is the Poetry Department and....."

Smith interrupted, "Poetry Department, huh? You know, I like poetry." Then Joe straightened up as much as his fifty-nine inches would allow him and began reciting in a haughty voice:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

That's sweet isn't it? Aw, but you have to be a sissy or you have something wrong with you to write poetry, huh?"

Ithica shook his head vigorously from side to side. "Mr. Smith, you're wrong. Why, some of our best people write poetry."

Turnover put in his two cents. "Mr. Smith, a poet is a gentleman with fancy ideas. Not only that, the less people understand a poet, the more they think of him, the greater they rank him."

Ithica interrupted, "So, Mr. Smith, you're interested in poetry, eh? Well, you come along with me," and grabbing Smith by the hand, he led him to the door on the right. Turnover closed the door after the three had entered a small classroom. Ithica continued "Mr. Smith, we'll teach you how to write poetry, three times a week, for six months, twenty-four weeks in all, one dollar a lesson—total $74.00. And today we'll have our first lesson."

Mr. Smith hesitated, put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a dollar bill. "O. K.," he said.

Mr. Turnover's hand shot out to take the money; Mr. Ithica's hand shot out to take the money. Turnover's hand was longer than Ithica's; Turnover won and put the dollar bill in his pocket.

Ithica must have been a sore loser, because he didn't say anything after that. Therefore Turnover continued. "Mr. Smith, our Poetry Department is a modern, up-to-date department. We teach the latest. Therefore we are going to teach you to write like a realist."

Smith was puzzled, and he asked, "Write like what?"

"Like a realist," Turnover said. "A realist is a writer who writes er,.....er, ah, realistically."

"Oh," Smith said weakly.

Ithica decided to clear up this point. He'd gone through three terms of high school, and he knew. He said, "A realist is a writer who does not use pretty words to describe a picture. He prefers to use the uglier word rather than the prettier one. In other terms he makes a good picture sound bad, and a bad picture sound worse. Understand?"

"That's exactly what I meant," said Mr. Turnover.

"I think I understand now," said Smith, the star pupil.

"Well," exclaimed Ithica, "that's the end of your first lesson. Come around on Wednesday, and we'll teach you how to write free verse. Good-bye, Mr. Smith."

As Joe closed the door, Turnover sighed and said, "Why, that Smith fellow IS dumb. It's a lucky thing that he is taking a free verse course. Why, he can't even make the word "cat" rhyme with the word.....er,.....with the word "rat."

Thus for six months, Smith attended literary school. There he learned many new ideas. These many ideas would have been new even to an English professor at Harvard. Finally the day of Smith's graduation came. He arrived bright and early. He was led into the Poetry Department; there the exercises were held.

Ithica was the spokesman. "Mr. Smith, you have been a good student, and—ahem—you have been prompt with your payments. Therefore, it gives me great pleasure to reward you on this, your graduation day. We bestow upon you a pen name—the name of Arlington Athington Worthington."

Smith thanked both, and wished them luck in finding a student to replace him. Then he left his Alma Mater. He was very happy, and thought, "Just think, my name is Worthington Athington—or is it Arlington Athington?"

Arriving at his home, he sat down, and he put pen to paper, and wrote:

The Black Cat and I

On a dark, black, dreary night, I saw
A black shadow of a black cat. I
Looked at the cat and his eyes
Bore right into my eyes.
I sighed; he meowed.
Suddenly he sprang at me; he bit me.
The pain was awful. I saw Death and I saw Life.
The next day, I was found dead—dead from hydrophobia.

Smith looked at his handiwork, and a feeling of self-satisfaction overcame him. He applied all the rules he had learned at the literary school. Then he sent the poem to Vanity Square.

It was received with loud acclaim. Smith wrote more. He was the toast of the town. Dined and wined was Smith. Students of psychology read his poems for their great depth. He was hailed as a genius. Readers loved his realism. "The Black Cat and I" was immortalized in "The Book of Literary Gems." But Smith was dissatisfied.

So again Joe stood up to his four feet eleven inches of height. His hair bristled, determination glittered in his eye—he meant business. His limousine was nowhere in sight; Joe cursed his luck. As he strode down Broadway, he kept talking and muttering under his breath, "I hope they're in their office. They made me what I am today. But am I satisfied? No, I'm not satisfied.

At ength, he arrived at the literary school. He glanced up and down the street before he entered. He ran up the stairs taking two steps at a time. He banged open the door, and slammed shut the door. Ithica rose surprised; Turnover rose surprised. With great strides, Joe approached Ithica. He came within two inches of his face, glanced over at Turnover, looked back at Ithica, opened his mouth and said,

"May I please take a post-graduate course?" Ithica fainted first, Turnover was a close second.

CLASS PROPHECY

Bruce Thurston, '34

IN the same way as he had done every night for five years since he and "Preussie" were married in 1942, Bob Berle pushed back his chair from the supper table and spun the dial of the radio to the daily news broadcast by Frank Hill.

Just having finished the usual plea to use it three times a day and see a dentist twice a year, the voice of the station announcer cooed, "Frank Hill, the Globe Trotter."

"Hello, everybody, our first bit of news is from Johns Hopkins University, where Professor Stanley Wetterau is experimenting with monkeys. The professor announced, "I have made hardened criminals of monkeys. While I was 'steeling' a monkey from the zoo, the animal wrenched its foot. Now I have a steeled monkey wrench." Monkeying around seems to have affected the professor's sense of humor.

"Also from the scientific world, Professor Edward Schneider, mineral expert, discovered the American Blarney Stone. It was found in Tammany Hall, guarded by Irish politicians. Unlike the original, you are not lowered down a wall to kiss the stone and make a wish. They wish you well before election, and put you in a hole afterwards.

"Today at the East-West games, the all-East basketball team of Oscar Carlson, William Lloyd, Frank Palombella, Dominick Stabile and John Zimmerlich defeated the all-West combine 37 to 19. The Eastern team scored first and was never headed.

"In swimming, the shining lights from the East were Abajian, Doepper, Wernig, Waibel and Tobias, all of whom took first place in their events. Magnussen, the diver who finished way ahead yesterday, fell into the pool today with all his clothes on. He was trying playfully to put his foot in Wernig's mouth. He succeeded, but Wernig closed his teeth and pulled.

"Abe Rabinowitz, prominent New York reformer, was today deported from Russia for being too radical. He went there because of a dislike for the N. R. A., but found they had an N. R. A. of their own—No Radicals Allowed.

"The marathon dance promoted by Edwin Podsen and Stanley Zirinsky was halted last Sunday morning in its 256th hour. When the clock was put an hour ahead for the Daylight Saving Time, the dancers found they couldn't make up the lost time.

"Frank Wuertz, U.S. sprint champ, won a bike race at Cleveland, but was disqualified. Officials claimed the champ blinded his opponents by the brilliant red jersey he wore.

LOOKING AHEAD

Michael Abandond

"Jim McDermott wasn't up to par today in defending his national title. Jim shot a 68 on a par 70 course. He said he did so well because he had borrowed superstitous Dick Schubart's rabbit's foot—the one he wins all his tennis titles with."

"Oh, Bob, you better turn that off and tune in WEAF before we miss Ed. Bach's variety program. I adore his orchestra, and his singing—it's just too divine! I hope he has another sketch like the one Josephine Canaday was in last week. He said there would be one, and Helen Hoy was going to play the lead. What picture did we see her in last, Bob? Bob, look in the paper and see who else is on the program. Hurry up!"

"All right, don't be in such a blamed hurry. I don't see why you didn't marry a crooner in the first place, instead of picking me. There's a violin team of Charlotte Erwin and Felix Alfano accompanied by Louis Rub. Your two favorite uproar singers Marietta Reynolds and Janet Sohms are on the program. I hope Beulah Raedle sings some good numbers tonight."

"Oh you and your blues singers. Give me the paper. Oh my, that Wolf woman is going to talk about wearing false eyelashes. Last week it was Ruth Forsberg on—pink hair brush, I think it was. I wish they'd keep quiet.

"Oh, Bob! Tomorrow that Dorothy Schmidt, who lives in the big house on the hill, and is never home to take care of her six children, is going to speak at a literary dinner. Otto Kiehn, the critic in the paper, said she was a good speaker, only she never said much. She married Lachat, the pepsodent announcer.

"They'll have to eat an awful lot—they've so many speakers—Rev. Ohms; the literary staff of the World, Lily Sinowitz and Howard Skidmore; Margaret Oswald and Eric Karminski, the illustrators, and—oh dear—I'm not going to listen in—there's going to be a speech by Dr. Lois Newman on Latin. Why doesn't she speak on Brooklynese?"

"Hey, let me look at the front page, will you, Lil? You gabbed so long the program is all over. Say, did you see that Paul Zito, Senator from New York, accused Walter V. Edwards, President of the Edwards Brewery, of selling bootleg beer? Edwards is going to be defended by his lawyer, Edward Foote. He'll probably put his foot in it."

"In what, Bob, the beer?"

"No, the case."

"Well beer comes by the case, doesn't it, Bob?"

"Yes, and in case you're interested, we have to be over at the Spades in five minutes to play bridge. I hope Mrs. Spade will keep her mind on bridge, instead of digging up a lot of dirt about the neighbors."

Mr. Dann

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Executed by Lily Sinowitz, Ruth Taylor, et al.

Now we, the class of thirty-four,
To show our sterling worth once more,
Are just about to graduate—
And while with patience calm we wait,
Until the night of great import
With so much joy and sorrow fraught
Has come at last—our wits we set
To settle scores and pay each debt.
Our thanks we to Miss Metz bequeath,
And add to this a laurel wreath
Of praise for pulling us all through.
To Mr. Dann a vote is due
Of gratitude for showing us
A principal is human, thus
Renewing faith in powers that be,
The once much-feared authority.
And next the English Honor Class,
That highbrow, intellectual mass,
To Mr. Tressler gladly leaves
A book of etiquette—and grieves
That never more we'll hear him say,
"The wrong from right is still my way."
To Mr. Hopkins, we assert,
Bill Lomax leaves his scarlet shirt.
Ruth Taylor wills the school a cat,
All sleek and stuffed, and gray and fat,
To keep forever fresh and well
The memory of Annabelle.
For Mr. Smith of valiant deeds,
A gift we feel will meet his needs—
The realization of his dream,
We give R. H. a football team.
The Domino a dictaphone
Is left which will record, in tone
Of brilliant repartee, the wit
Of editors—(to do their bit
To help posterity). Both Gould
And Schlesinger donate a jeweled
And smiling photograph of them
To "Mac", so she'll no more condemn
Their moron ways. Pandora's box
The girls contribute, and some clocks
So she will know dismissal time.
Lil Preuss will leave a battered dime
To keep the G. O. out of debt.
To Messrs. Thomas and Barnett
The eco groups bestow a book,
Red-bound, "The Socialist Outlook
And Why It's Right". Then Miss Ratelle
Gets chocolate tennis balls to fell
Her studes, and courtmen rivals, too.

For Miss Barber, lisps again; for the new
Eighth Term, the wisdom of our years,
And to the freshmen, hope and tears.
And now, sad-eyed, but gleeful, still,
We find that *we* leave Richmond Hill.

ED. McGRANES BOX OFFICE HITS
of 1934

"Ah Wilderness" ..... Economics Class
"They Shall Not Die" ..... The Football Team
"Of Thee I Sing" ..... Mr. Wood
"No More Ladies" ..... Boys' Locker Room
"New Faces" ..... Incoming Freshmen
"Sailor Beware" ..... Commodore Hoffman
"Men in White" ..... Our Cafeteria Squad
"Jig Saw" ..... Matching Tests
"She Loves Me Not" ..... Miss Leete
"As Thousands Cheer" ..... Class Night
"Pursuit of Happiness" ..... Passing the Regents
"The Shining Hour" ..... Senior Prom
"All the King's Horses" ..... The Riding Club
"Take a Chance" ..... True-False Test
"Peace on Earth" ..... Study Hall
"New Ziegfield Follies ..... Miss MacLaughlin's P. T. Class
"Let 'Em Eat Cake" ..... Faculty Parties
"The Lake" ..... 114th Street After It Rains
"Bitter Sweet" ..... Commencement
"Trial by Jury" ..... Arista Senate
"Come What May" ..... After Graduation
"Every Thursday" ..... The Domino

WHO'S WHO IN SENIOR CLASS

Boys		Girls
Bob Berle	Most Popular	Lil Preuss
Bob Berle	Nicest Personality	Helen Wolf
Ed Podsen	Best Looking	Jane Mayberry
George Lachat	Cutest	Hazel McCallum
Dick Schubart	Best Dresser	Doris Franks
Dominick Stabile	Best Dancer	Helen Wolf
Oscar Carlson	Best Sport	Ursula Sullivan
Ed Podsen	Nicest Smile	Charlotte Erwin
John Zimmerlich	Most Versatile	Ruth Forsberg
Billy Lomax	Class Poet	Lily Sinowitz
Ed Back	Class Singer	Marietta Reynolds
Bruce Thurston	Class Author	Ruth Taylor
Oscar Carlson	Class Athlete	Jane Mayberry
Ed Foote	Class Orator	Lil Preuss
Ed Back	Laziest	Margaret Oswald
Stanley Zirinsky	Noisiest	Emily Mitchell
Fred Ohms	Most Unassuming	Edna Rust
Ken Brehm	Most Inquisitive	Ethel Burns
Otto Kiehn	Most Conscientious	Lois Newman
Ed Back	Happy-Go-Lucky	Helen Hoy
Frank Hill	Most Dignified	Ruth Shapiro
Bob Berle	Best Line	Helen Wolf
Albert Abajian	Most Cheerful	Terry Bell
Bill Lloyd	Dreamiest	Margaret Oswald
William McLaughlin	Wittiest	Edith Adamson
Walter Edwards	Done Most for R. H.	Lil Preuss

The Arista Seniors

Miss Metz

To the Class of June 1934,

In my memories of Richmond Hill, you will always remain "My Class". At the dances and at the Senior Kiddie Party, I was privileged to share your joys. When the Honor Roll was published, when a member received a prize, or when the class won in intramural sports, I shared with you the thrills of winning. As you came to me with your problems, and as together we worked toward the solutions, I knew that my faith in you was properly placed.

So, for the Class of June, 1934, my wishes that each of its members may find that happiness and contentment that comes from accomplishments attained by courage, fair play, and cooperation.

I have enjoyed working with you and hope that you will let me know occasionally how some of the plans you have talked over with me are maturing.

Most sincerely,

Viola A. Metz

ABAJIAN, ALBERT NEWTON (APPLES)
Swimming Team '30, '31, '32 '33, '34. Captain of Swimming Team, Spring '33. Member of City Championship 200 Yd. Relay Team, '33. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman (3 yrs.) Junior and Senior Life Saving Emblems. 75 per cent and 90 per cent P. S. A. L. Athletic Pins. Major Letters (4) and Minor Letters. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Swimming Medals (14). Blue Cards. Pool Life Guard. Honor Roll.
He's going to teach the fishes how to swim.

ABRAMOWITZ, FRANCES
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. President G. O. Annex 56, Spring '31. English 7H and Speech 5 H. English Commendation 3. Spanish Club. Girl Reserves. Swim. Chevrons. Blue Cards. "Pirates of Penzance," '32. Dramatics.
For she's a jolly good fellow.

ADAMSON, EDITH C.
Chevrons. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Blue Cards. Regents Book Committee. Self-Denial Captain. Program Committee.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed.

AICHELE, HOWARD W. (IKE)
"Ruddigore." Dramatic Club. Gym Secretary to Mr. Byers. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Pan-American Club. Traffic Squad. P. S. A. L. Medals.
Is not this a rare fellow indeed?

ALFANO, FELIX CHARLES
Scholarship Pin. Gym Secretary to Mr. Kersey. Swimming Secretary to Mr. Hoffman (2 yrs.). *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Dramatics Club 7 and 8. Guard. Christmas Play, '33.
He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing.

ALLENA, ANNA J. (SELINA)
Blue Cards. Office Duty. Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. German Club. Glee Club in Annex 56. Secretary to Mrs. Van Wormer.
She thrives on her good nature.

AMMON, LYDIA L. (LYD)
Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Emergency Room Aid. Choral Training. Secretary to Miss Rathkamp. Class Secretary to Mr. Abrams.
A sure relief for sugar shortage.

ANDERSON, HAROLD (ANDY)
Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Honor Roll. English 7H. P. S. A. L. Medals.
His words are simple and his soul sincere.

ARNOLD, MARIE L. (MAE)
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Riding Club.
A sweet, attractive kind of grace.

BABETCH, ALEX (AL)
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. *Domino* Staff. Traffic Squad. Knocks and Boost Committee. Editor of English 3 Classbook. Secretary to Mrs. Walter. Latin Club. Blue Cards. Office Assistant in Annex 56. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Caucus Delegate.
Quantity does not diminish quality.

BACK, EDWARD F. (NED)
"Mikado," '31 and '33. P. T. Secretary. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Spring Concert, '32 and '33.
Music makes me.

BACKUS, RUTH
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin.
Here's to the girl with eyes of blue.

BAECHTOLD, ELMER A. (BECK)
Dome Captain. *Domino* Captain. Model Club. Blue Cards. Chess Club. Interclass Basketball.
Service at our Baech and call.

BAESSLER, ROBERT (BOB)
Orchestra 2 terms. P. T. Secretary. Blue Cards.
The enthusiastic and pleasing illusion of youth.

BARNARD, MARIE M.
Secretary to Mr. Wood. Office Duty, Annex 56. Class Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Chevrons in Captainball, Walking and Basketball. Blue Cards. Self-Denial Captain.
They say all good people are in heaven, but here's the exception.

BATES, EDITH A.
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Pan - American Club. "Ruddigore."
She brightens the path of many.

BAUER, KATHARINE F. (KATH)
Riding Club. Junior Arista (2). Scholarship Pins (2). Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Stuffed Shirts. Tennis Club.
True success is that which makes Building-stones of old mistakes.

BAUSER, HOWARD E. (HOWIE)
Orchestra 7 terms. Inter-class Basketball Champions, '32 and '33. Assistant Manager of Football, '32. R. H. and R. H. H. S. Traffic Squad. Leader in Gym. Print Shop. Blue Cards.
He is a gentleman from soul to crown.

BECKER, ROBERT LEWIS
Engineering Club. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin and Certificate. G. O. Captain. Self-Denial Captain. English 8H. American History 2H. President of 8th term Official.
Brain is better than brawn.

BEDELL, SHIRLEY ELIZABETH (PETTY)
Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Usher. Choral Training. Chevrons. Captainball. Tennis.
She's like sugar:
Sweet and refined.

BELL, THERESA ANN (TERRY)
Quill. Vice-President 8th term Official Class. Treasurer 4th term. Latin Club (3 terms). Captainball. Swimming P. S. A. L. Pin. Horseback Riding Club (2 terms). Chevrons. Hearthstone Club. Delegate to G. O. Caucus.
Sweet personality,
Full of rascality.

BENSON, ALFRED E.
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista Certificates. History Honor Class, American 2. Swimming Team '31, '32, '33, '34. Major Letters (2); Minor Letters. Intramural Swimming Relay Championship. Life-Saving Pin (Senior).
A quiet eloquence.

BENTZ, GERALD W.
English Commendation (2). German Club. Riding Club. Philatelic Society. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
Be silent, and pass for a philosopher.

BERLE, ROBERT H.)BOB)
Senior Arista. Traffic Squad '31, '32, '33, '34. Minor Letter. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Dress Committee. English Commendation. Usher at Commencement. Squad Leader. Blue Cards. Life-Saving Pin.
Nature's nobleman.

BIEHLER, MILDRED M.
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. President of Commercial Honor Society. Borough Delegate of Pan-American Club. English Commendation. Riding Club. Office Duty, Annex 56. Captainball, Basketball, and Tap Dancing Chevrons. Honor Roll. Delegate to G.O. Caucus.
Her amiability is lovable.

BLACKHALL, JESSIE
Blue Cards. Swimming Medal. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. G. O. Caucus Delegate. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

BONNICK, KATHLEEN M.
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Mr. Dann, Mrs. Byron and Mrs. Van Cormer. Traffic Squad. Riding, Swimming, Walking and Dancing Chevrons. Usher at Commencement. Class Night Committee. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Latin Club.
Stripped of the dead, dull commonplace.

BORRELLI, FLORENCE M.
Sword Society. Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Minor Letters. Championship Basketball Team. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Usher at Commencement. Miss Leete's Office. Blue Cards. Chevrons and P. S. A. L. Medals.
The face of an angel.

BRANDT, SYLVIA E.
Vice-President of Girl Reserves. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Red Cross Swimmer's Button. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin.
A twinkle in her eye.

BREHM, KENNETH J. (KEN)
Scholarship Pin. Football, '33 Minor Letter. Blue Cards. *Domino* and *Dome* Captain. Caucus Delegate. Unreturned Books Committee.
He thinks school spirit is an intoxicating liquor.

BUCHHEIT, CHRISTINA ANNA
Junior Arista. Honor Roll. Commercial Honor Society. Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield. Chevrons for Walking, Swimming and Captainball. Blue Cards.
Like a pleasant thought.

BUCKLEY, ESTHER FRANCES (UKE)
Secretary o Hearthstone Club Secretary to Miss Turk. Secretary to Mr. Rappaport. Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mr. Briscoe. Stuffed Shirts. Blue Cards. Cafeteria Squad.
None but herself her parallel.

BURNS, ETHEL
Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Commercial Honor Society. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mrs. Linge (3 terms). Blue Cards. English 8 Classbook Editor. Chevrons. P. S. A.L. Medal. *Dome* Captain.
Friend to all, enemy to none.

BUSCH, DOROTHY KATHERINE (DOT, BUSCHIE)
Junior Arista. Honor Roll. Scholarship. Pan-American Club. Newman Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Tressler.
She smiles on all the same.

BUSER, MARGARET J. (MARGE)
English Commendation (4). English Honor Class 7 and 8. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Junior Arista. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. President of Girl Reserves, '34. Hearthstone Club. Spanish 5 Commendations.
A girl (P)reserve—sweet.

CAIRNS, ADRIAN G. (BUGS)
Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Blue Cards.
Who Cairns?

CANADAY, JOSEPHINE V. (JO)
Blue Cards. Dramatics. Secretary to Mrs. Cummings. Secretary to Miss Schlachter. Basketball, Captainball, Swimming and Hockey Chevrons. Chairman of Class Night Committee. Program Committee. *Domino* Captain. Secretary to Mr. Briscoe. Honor Roll. Sketch Club. Secretary to Miss Wright.
Act well your part:
There all the honor lies.

CARLIN, CHARLES J. (SKIPPY)
From Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School. Varsity Basketball Squad '33 and '34. Track Team '34. Gym Secretary to Mr. Thomas. Assembly Usher. Blue Cards. *Dome* Captain.
We have'nt known him long but we wish we had.

CARLSON, OSCAR ALFRED (SWEDE)
Queens Championship Basketball Varsity Team, '33. Basketball Varsity Team, '34. Golf Team, '32, '33, '34. Inter-class Basketball Champions—Captain. Track Team Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Gym Secretary (2 years).
A tall youth and every inch a man.

CHARNY, LIBERTY
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship 5 times. Champion Basketball and Captainball Teams. Program Committee. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. Honor Roll. Latin Club. Squad Leader. English Writing Award. (3d and 7th terms).
Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

CLARK, GLADYS E.
Swimming Pin. Blue Cards. Captainball. Tennis Club. to Miss Leete.
The best things come in little packages.

COHEN, HELEN
Junior Arista. P. S. A. L. Pins (2). Chevrons for Tennis, Swimming and Captainball (12).
I don't say much, but who knows what I think?

COLBATH, MARGARET (MICKEY)
From Jamaica H. S. Blue Cards. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins and Card. Red Cross Life Saving. Swimming Chevrons. Swimming Exhibition '33. Chevrons. Basketball. English 7 Class President.
We'll take a Colbath and freeze.

COMAR, DENISE
From Curtis High School.
Ah, you flavor everything;
You are the vanilla of society.

COMBS, ADELAIDE M. (BABE)
Swimming P. S. A. L. Pin. Chevrons. Tennis. Pan-American Club. Blue Cards.
Adelaide Combs her hair daily.

CONNOLLY, MARGARET
From Far Rockaway High School.
When Irish eyes are smiling.

COOK, ROBERT F.
Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Inter-class Basketball. *Domino* Captain.
Silence is one of his finest virtues.

COOKE, ETHEL R. (COOKIE)
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Silvestro. Blue Cards. English Commendation. Office Duty Annex 56. Swimming Chevrons.
Generally speaking, she's generally speaking.

CRAWFORD, JEAN STEWART
Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Blue Cards. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Minor Letters. President of Riding Club Runner-up and Championship Captainball Team. Junior Life Saving. Swimming Pins. P. S. A. L. Medals. Leaders' Clubs. Captainball, Basketball, Swimming, Hockey, Base ball, Tennis, and Dancing Chevrons.
Pleasingly quiet.

CRIPPA, THELMA
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English 7H and 8H. History 8H. President of Spanish Club. Secretary of Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. English Commendation. Spanish Pins.
Socony gave her a rebate for burning midnight oil.

CROFUT, CATHERINE
Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Office Duty in Annex 56. Captain of 6th Term Basketball. Chevrons for Basketball, Baseball and Swimming. Blue Cards. Swimming Pins and P. S. A. L. Medals. Honor Roll. Hearthstone Club. Cast of "Ruddigore," '34. G. O. Caucus Delegate.
Are there any more at home like you?

CURRY, VIRGINIA K.
Secretary to Mr. Tressler. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pln. Blue Cards. English Commendations. Riding Club. Swimming Chevrons. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Latin Club, Annex 56. Junior Arista. Speech 5H. Classbook Editor.
A sure winner.

DAMM, MILDRED
Hearthstone Club. Blue Cards. Choral Training. "Ruddigore." Teacher's Tea Committee. Dancing Class. Assistant *Domino* Captain.
Good nature and good sense are usually companions.

DANKEL, ELEDY E. (EL)
Program Committee. Regents Book Committee. Blue Cards. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Basketball. Chevrons. Self-Denial Captain. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
A nice young maid with a pretty smile.

DARBY, LILLIAN E.
Senior P. S. A. L. Swimmngi Pin. Tennis and Swimming Chevrons. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Office Duty (Miss Leete). Hearthstone Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Bonnick. Girl Reserves.
Good to the last drop.

DATTOLO, ALBERT A. (AL)
Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Captain of Traffic Squad. Cafeteria Squad, '31, '32, '34. Latin Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Caucus Delegate. Office Duty Annex 56. Lock Secretary. Program Committee. Squad Leader. Life Saving Pin. Blue Cards.
Hail to thee, blithe spirit.

DATZ, NATHANIEL DAVID (DAVE)

Inter-class Swimming, '30. Inter-class Baseball, '30. Self-Denial Captain. Dramatics Annex 90. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Tennis Team, '32, '33, '34. Co-Captain of Tennis Team.

Datz fine.

DAVIDSON, JOHN JACKSON (DAVE)

Blue Cards. Print Shop, '32 and '33. G. O. Delegate and Nominee, '31. Track Squad, '34. Inter-class Basketball. Secretary to Mr. White. Printshop Basketball, '32 and '33.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

DECKER, ELEANOR V.

From Queen of All Saints. Swimming P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Class Secretary to Mrs. Preston. *Dome* Captain. Girl Reserves. Class Secretary to Miss Windecker.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

DEEGAN, EVELYN

Junior Arista. Secretary to Miss Johnston. Blue Cards. Chevrons.

Alert and lovably sincere.

DeLAISNE, EMMA

Tennis Club. Swimming. Newman Club. Stenography Certificate.

A tame tongue is a rare bird.

DINKELACKER, JOHN WILLIAM

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

A small spark shines in the dark.

DOEPPER, HERMAN

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Member of Swimming Team, '32 and '33. Major and Minor Letters. Vice-President of German Club. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.

Meekness is not always weakness,
Sometimes it is controlled strength.

DOLLER, HERBERT J.

Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Leader in Health Education for 5 terms. Architecture Club. Engineering Club. Class Secretary to Mr. Rappaport, Mr. Walback and Mr. Wagler.

No small change.

DOWLING, JOHN W. (LEGS)

Inter-class Basketball, '31 and '32. Handball, '30. Hall Patrol. Inter-class Soccer, '29. G. O. Caucus Delegate.

Well done is better than well said.

DRENTLAU, DOROTHY M. (DOT, DRENT)

Orchestra. Choral Training. "Ruddigore." Usher at "Pirates of Penzance." and "Mikado." Spring Concert. Music Contest. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Chevrons. Basketball. Swimming. Dancing Club.

Always ready for fun and sport.

DRUDE, ELEANOR

Secretary to Miss Walbancke. Secretary to Mrs. Preston. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming, Tennis and Captainball Chevrons. Blue Cards. Girl Reserves.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

DWORSKY, GERTRUDE

Secretary to Mr. Trubenbach. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Swimming. Tennis.

Give to me the life I love.

EBERT, HERBERT J.

Foreman of Print Shop (2 terms). Assistant Manager of Football, '32. Minor Letters. Editor of English 6 Class Paper. Usher Squad. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Interclass Basketball. Locker Room Secretary. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. Self-Denial Captain. Blue Cards.

No sinner nor no saint, perhaps,
But well, the very best of chaps.

EDWARDS, WALTER VINCENT (WALT)

From John Adams. President of 5, 6, 7, 8. Secretary 4th Term. Scholarship Pin (5 times). Junior and Senior Arista. Blue Cards. English 7H and 8H. American History 2H. Commencement Committee (twice). Traffic Squad. Stage Hand. Treasurer of German Club.

Variety is the spice of life.

EMGE, ADELE
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (6 times). President and Vice-President of Commercial Honor Society. Miss Leete's and General Office. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Honor Roll. *Dome* Captain. Caucus Delegate. English Commendations. Vice-President of 3d Term Class.
Quiet, talented and wise,
To knock you, no one tries.

ERHARD, EDWARD J.
Swimming Team, '33. Junior and Senior Life Saving. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman (2 terms). Blue Cards. Minor Letters.
What ails Eddie?
Nothing, say we.

ERWIN, CHARLOTTE A.
Orchestra, 4 Years. President 7th Term. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Dramatic Club. Office Assistant to Miss Glasser. Traffic Squad. Floor Manager of *Dome*. Hearthstone Club. Riding Club. Secretary to Mrs. Goldberg. English 6H.
She turned her head and smiled
As might have smiled the Spring.

EURING, EVELYN M.
Secretary to Mrs. Fletcher. Junior Arista.
Gentle art thou, and therefore to be won.

EYTZINGER, THERESA ANNA (TERRY)
Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Secretary to Mr. Yoder. Blue Cards. *Dome* Captain. Chevrons. Leaders' Club. Captainball. Dance Instructor for Class Night.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

FEELEY, AGNES RITA.
Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Blue Cards. Return Book Committee. Swimming Chevron. Newman Club (2 terms).
You haven't got so much to say,
But we like you, anyway.

FELICETTI, MERCEDES G. (MERKY)
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Basketball, Captainball and Swimming Chevrons. Dramatic Club. *Domino*, *Dome* Captains. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Latin Club. Self-Denial Captain.
Little in stature, but big in heart.

FENYO, MARTHA
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pin. Swimming, Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. Class Book Editor. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Bonnick.
A quiet exterior covers a world of knowledge.

FERREA, EDWARD
Dome and *Domino* Floor Manager. R. H. H. S. Camera Club Chemist. Assistant *Dome* Photographer. Engineering Club. Model Club. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Life Saving Inter-class Basketball.
Society of man is sweet,
Of woman even sweeter.

FIALA, FRANCIS W.
Blue Cards, *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Inter-class Handball Tournament. Inter-class Basketball.
Small but mighty.

FICHTE, WILLIAM R. (BILL
Blue Cards. Junior Artists. ball Tournament.
Thumbs up!

FISCHER, ANNE
P. S. A. L. Medal. Captainball, Swimming and Basketball Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mrs. Sauerbrun.
What did I get out of high school?

FISCHER, FRED (FRITZ)
Traffic Squad. Camera Club. P. T. Leader. Blue Cards.
A dare-do-all that may become a man.

FOOTE, EDWARD J.
Vice-President of G. O. Football, '33. Boy Leader of Arista. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Print Shop. Back Stage. Engineering Club. Choral Training, '32 and '33. Dramatics, '33.
All the world's a backstage.

FORSBERG, RUTH E.
Sword Society. Secretary of 8th Term Class. Scholarship Pin (7 times). Treasurer of 7th Term Class. School Art League Medal. Senior and Junior Arista. Senior Prom Committee. Minor Letters. Assistant to Miss MacLaughlin and Miss Leete. Championship Basketball and Captainball Team. "Ruddigore." Usher at Commencement.
A student and a sport supreme.

FRANK, LYDIA A.
Secretary to Miss Konigsberg. Chairman of Class Night Play Reading Committee. Dramatics. Junior Arista. Dress Committee. Program Committee (3). Blue Cards.
But I am a woman of peace.

FRANK, ROBERT WILLIAM
Honor Roll. Physical Training Squad Leader. Blue Cards *Domino* Captain.
Robert's Frank.

FRANKS, DORIS E.
Sword Society. Scholarship Pin. Minor Letters. Junior Arista. Championship Basketball Team. Championship Captainball Team. Usher at Commencement, '33 and '34. Chairman of Dress Committee. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons.
The height of fashion.

FRANZ, SYLVIA (SYL)
Choral Training (3 yrs.) "Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance." Dramatics. Blue Cards. Spring Concerts, '31 and '32. Swimming, Basketball, Hockey and Captain Ball Chevrons. Horse Back Riding.
In she came, one vast, substantial smile.

FROST, CLIFFORD (CLIFF)
Blue Cards. Pan-American Club. Track Team, '31. Inter-class Basketball. Handball Tournament. Secretary to Mr. Kersey.
Frost came forth one fine, clear night.

GAHAGAN, FLORENCE E. (GIGS)
Champion Captainball Team 5th Term. Basketball. Swimming Medal and Pins. Rifle. Captainball. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. P. S. A. L. Pins. Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Chevrons. Usher at Class Night and "Ruddigore."
The world belongs to the energetic.

GALLAGHER, DAVID
Assistant Business Manager *Domino*. Annex 56 Circulation Manager of the *Dome*. Annex 56 Inter-class Handball. Blue Cards. Annex Reporter. Track.
Let's boost him; maybe he'll grow.

GANNON, HAROLD F. (HARRY)
From St. Francis High.
Honor lies in honest toil.

GARBE, HELENE
"Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Mikado" Revival. Stage Manager of "Ruddigore." Spring Concerts, '31 and '32. Choral Training (3 yrs.) Swimming Chevrons. Riding Club. Secretary to Miss Manfred. Girl Reserves. Blue Cards.
In her quiet demure way,
On she went day by day.

GERBER, FRANK M.
Intramural Swimming and Basketball. P. T. Leader. Honor Roll. Blue Cards. Swimming Team. Regents Honor Roll. English Commendation.
And go, and luck go with you.

GINOCCHIO, CHARLES JOHN (CHIC)
Junior and Senior Arista. Honor Roll. Football Team, '33. Minor Letters. Traffic Squad. English Commendation. Track, '31 and '34. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Glee Club.
We cannot always feel his greatness.

GISONNA, JULIA E.
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Commendation. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Houghton. Program Committee. Swimming Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Captainball Chevrons. Walking Club Chevrons. Class Secretary to Miss Campanaro.
Do that which is right,
And let come what may.

GLOCK, BLANCHE M.
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Honor Roll. Secretary to Miss Metx (2 yrs). Blue Cards. Chevrons-Press Representative of Commercial Honor Society. Program Committee. Chairman of Flower Committee. Class Secretary to Miss McKay. Pan-American Club. Girl Reserves.
Sometimes I think . . .

GOODARD, JOHN RAYMOND EDWARD
Spanish Club, '31 and '32. Pan-American Club. Print Shop Squad. Leaders Corps. Model Club.
He's rather Goodard that.

GOODMAN, HAROLD E.
Swimming Team, '31, '32, '33, '34. Major Letters (2). Minor Letters. Class Numerals. Intramural Swimming Medals.
Something about you we need to know.

GORDON, MARION E.
Editor of Class Book (2 terms) *Dome* Staff '32. General Office Duty (1 yr). Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Usher. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Honor Roll. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Hearthstone Club
Just an average little gal
'Cept that she's a darn good pal.

GOULD, WALTER
Sports Editor and Columnist of the *Domino*. Publicity Manager of Football. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. Business Manager of the *Dome*.
65—by the skin of his teeth!

GRAFF, MILDRED (MILLIE)
Choral Training (2 yrs). Spring Festival, '33. "Ruddigore," '34. Usher at "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance." *Dome* Captain (3 terms). Pan-American Club. Leaders Club. Secretary to Mr. Grehan. Delegate to Caucus. Chevrons for Swimming, Basketball, Captainball and Walking.
Eat, drink, and be merry.

GRAMLICH, LILLIAN MARGORIE
"Ruddigore." Basketball.
There's a danger in being too unassuming.

GRAY, EDNA
Roosevelt Medal. Swimming. Captainball and Walking Chevrons. Treasurer of Girl Reserves. Pan-American Club.
Her temper isn't as fiery as her hair.

GRENZIG, MARGARET MARY (MARGIE)
P. S. A. L. Medals. Captainball, Baseball, Basketball, and Walking Chevrons. Leaders Club. Minor R for Baseball. Blue Cards. Teacher's Cafeteria (3 1-2 yrs). Hearthstone Club. *Dome*, *Domino*, G. O., Self-Denial Captain.
With malice toward none.

GRUBEL, CATHERINE R.
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming, Hockey and Basketball Chevrons. Dancing Club. Class Secretary to Miss McKay. Honor Roll.
Always ready to do a good turn.

GRUBER, WILBUR
Inter-class Basketball. Inter-class Swimming. Inter-class Baseball. Senior Life Saving. Leaders Club. G. O. Captain. *Domino* Captain. Honor Roll. Blue Cards.
He nothing common did, or mean.

GRUENFELDER, CATHERINE T.
Junior Arista. Honor Roll. Scholarship Pin. English 7H and 8H. Riding Club. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Newman Club.
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.

GRUOL, JOHN W. (JACK)
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Track, '32 and '34. English 7H and 8H. Secretary to Miss Glasser. Blue Cards. Engineering Club Secretary and Treasurer. G. O. Sales. *Domino* and *Dome* Sales.
All the world is pleased with a cheerful fellow.

HAGMAIER, HENRIETTA A
Blue Cards. Secretary to Mrs. Preston. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. P. S. A. L. Senior Swimming Pin. Caucus Representative. *Domino* Captain.
A merry heart goes all the way.

HARRINGTON, JOSEPH E. (JOE)
Printing Squad (5 terms). *Domino* Captain (2 terms). Self-Denial Captain. Secrerary to Mr. Sommerfield. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Cafeteria Squad Captain. Inter-class Basketball. Traffic Squad. G. O. Room Captain.
I face the sunrise.

HARRIS, DONALD
Engineering Club. Class Gift Committee. Traffic Squad. Junior Arista. English 1H. *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards.
A fellow whose zeal
Makes him work a great deal.

HAWKINS, NINA M. (PETE)
Girls' Rifle Team. Secretary to Mr. Smith. American History 2H. Flower Girl at Commencement. Emergency Room Aide (4 terms). Program Committee. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming, Tennis, Hockey, Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. Blue Cards *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Stuffed Shirts.
A witty woman is a treasure.

HAYNES, LEROY W. (ROY)
Dome and *Domino* Floor Manager. Inter-class Basketball. Inter-class Handball. Fencing Club. Traffic Squad. Class Secretary to Mr. Wagler.
A quiet boy with detachment in his eyes.

HEATH, IVA M.
Secretary to Miss Holstein. Blue Cards. *Domino* Captain. Chevrons. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. Captainball. Basketball. Swimming.
How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

HEINAN, ANNE J.
Spanish Club. Latin Club. Pan-American Club. G. O. Caucus. Secretary to Mr. Kunitz.
I feel like a million dollars.

HEMPLING, LEONARD J. (LEN)
Dome and *Domino* Captain (2 terms). Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. Secretary to Miss McKelvy. P. S. A. L. Pin. G. O. Room Captain. Girl Reserves.
A little foolery governs the whole world.

HERB, EVELYN
Blue Card. Swimming Club. Chevrons. Basketball Club.
She's good company.

HERSON, RICHARD J. L. (DICK)
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English 8H. American History 2H. Dress Committee. Band, '33, '34. Traffic Squad. Engineering Club. Blue Card. Regents Honor Roll. Self-Denial Captain.
Deliberation is not delaying.

HIERONS, ELEANOR MARIE (EL)
Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Class Secretary to Mr. Kiso. Program Committee. Stuffed Shirt Club.
With all thy faults we love thee still.

HILL, FRANK P. (COLONEL)
Swimming Team. Track Team. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Chairman Senior Prom Committee. Captain Traffic Squad. President of Brain Trust.
Sure to succeed.

HOY, HELEN MARIE (TOOTS)
Secretary to Miss Schlachter (3 yrs). Honor English 6. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Scholarship Pin. Dramatic Club. *Domino* Captain.
If a giggle is a commodity,
She's got the goods.

HUBBARD, JAMES J.
Traffic Captain. Traffic Squad (3 terms). Editor of English 6 Classbook. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. G. O. Sales. G. O. Caucus Delegate. History Club. Newman Club. Stamp Club. Pan-American Club. Class Secretary to Miss Barber. Blue Cards.
He's so tough, he eats brick ice cream, rock candy and marble cake.

HUBEL, DOUGLAS J. (STRETCH)
Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Spanish Pin. Tennis Tournament. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
Up and coming.

HYLAND, RITA A.
Library Service. Hearthstone Club. Newman Club. Blue Cards. Basketball, Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. *Domino* Captain.
The mildest manners are the gentlest hearts.

INCLEDON, ALBERT H.
School Orchestra (2 1-2 yrs.). "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance." Inter-class Basketball, '31. Class Night Orchestra. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Pins.
On their own merits modest men are dumb.

JACOBS, ALYCE
G. O. Candidate '32. Caucus Representative. *Dome* Staff. Blue Cards. Captainball and Swimming Chevrons. Secretary in the General Office.
What's the use of worrying?

JACOBS, NORMAN F. (LUKE)
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. English Commendation. Honor Roll. Speech 6H. American History 2H. Secretary of Stamp Club Photographer for English 7 Class Book. Christmas Play '32. Chess Club. Self-Denial Captain.
Like Chesterfields, he satisfies.

JAEGER, BERTHA (TOOTS)
Secretary and Treasurer of *Dome* and *Domino* in Annex 56. Leaders Club. Red Cross Swimming. Cafeteria Aide. Chevrons. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Speech 5H. Secretary to Mr. Briscoe. Blue Cards. Walking Club.
Fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

JOHNSON, HELEN MAY
Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield (2 terms). Program Committee. Blue Cards. Swimming, Walking and Basketball Chevrons. *Domino* Captain.
Doesn't the candy interfere with the giggles?

JOHNSTONE, DOROTHY
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English 7H. Editor of English 8 Class Book. Assistant Editor of English 6 Class Paper. Latin Club. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Chevrons. *Domino* Captain.
A handful of goodness.

JORDAN, DOROTHY (DOT)
Secretary to Mr. Tressler (1 yr.) Class Secretary. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medal. Dancing, Captainball and Swimming Chevrons. Newman Club. Usher at "Ruddigore." Program Committee. Class Night.
Dot—with plenty of dash.

KARMINSKI, ERIC
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English Commendation 4 and 6. English 7H and 8H. American History 2H. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. President of Architectural Club. Chairman of Gift Commuittee. Art Editor for English 1 and 8. Class Book. Stamp Club.
He hasn't much to say,
But he's okay.

KAUFMANN, MARTIN C.
Track Squad. P. S. A. L. Pins. Inter-class Basketball and Tennis. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Class Night. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
Like Premium ham, he's so Swift.

KESNEY, EDWIN S. (PEEWEE)
Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Fencing Squad. Class Night.
From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.

KIEHN, OTTO G.
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin (5). English Commendations (3). English 7H and 8H. Secretary of German Club. Engineering Club. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Class Book Editor. Cafeteria Squad (3 terms). Blue Cards. Self-Denial Captain.
His cognative faculties are immersed in a cubibundity of cogitation.

KIRJASSOFF, DEBORAH (DEB)
Scholarship Pin (2 terms). Latin Club. French Club. Swimming Chevrons. Class Night. Tennis. Walking Club. Dancing Club.
One who stands serene before the storm.

KLEIN, ESTELLE
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Student Leader. Self-Denial Captain G. O. Caucus Delegate. Chevrons. Swimming. "Ruddigore."
Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

KLEIN, GLADYS
Senior Arista. Blue Cards. Honor Roll 6. P. S. A. L. Swimming, Captainball, Basketball and Tennis Chevrons. Secretary to Mrs. Dunne. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Program Committee (2 yrs).
In(Klein)ed to be a nice girl.

KOHLER, IRMA
French Club. Girl Reserves. English Honor Class. Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. Dancing. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Honor Roll.
The eyes have it.

KOSLOW, DOROTHY H. (DOTTY)
Swimming Chevrons.
The Part you play, however small,
Is better far than none at all.

KRASSNER, MARTIN (MARTY)
From New Utrecht High. Blue Cards. *Domino* Captain. G. O. Room Captain. Class Night Committee. Interclass Basketball. Stamp Club
It is an art to be pleasant.

KROOS, WILLIAM
Junior Arista. English 3H. Blue Cards. Class Night Committee. Who's Who Committee. German Club. Engineering Club. Sketch Club. Architecture Club.
We shall ask for your hands, to help.

LACHAT, GEORGE W.
Intramural Swimming Medal. P. S. A. L. Pins. Minor Letter. Track Team, '34. Swimming Team, '32. Parents Night Exhibition. Blue Cards. Orchestra (4 yrs). Band (1 yr.). Inter-class Baseball and Basketball. Associate Editor of Class Paper. Chairman of Music Committee Class Night. Leaders' Club.
These blondes, ladies prefer 'em too.

LAROCCA, RITA H.
Blue Cards. Chevrons for Swimming and Basketball. *Dome* Captain. Stuffed Shirts.
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

LEAF, HERBERT S.
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. *Dome* Board and *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Chairman Senior Class Ring and Pin Committee. Junior Arista Pin Committee. Senior Pictures Committee. Poster, History and Glee Clubs. Art Editor of 3rd Term English Class Book. Blue Cards. "Pirates of Penzance." Locker Room Secretary. Cafeteria Squad.
Another Leaf in history!

LEAR, LILLIAN ADELE (LEE)
Secretary to Miss Leete (2 terms). Commercial Honor Society. Senior P. S. A. L. Pin. Junior P. S. A. L. Pin. Swimming Chevrons. Honor Roll. Self-Denial Captain. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Dancing Club. Secretary to Mrs. Goldman.
Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it.

LEO, FRANCES
Junior Arista. Honor Roll. Blue Cards. English Honor Roll. Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Walking Chevron. English Row Leader. P. T. Monitor.
Cool words scald not the tongue

LEVY, ANNETTE LOUISE
Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin 6). Vice-President Open Forum. Treasurer Senior Arista. English Commendations (3). English 8H. Commercial Honor Society. P. S. A. L. Medal and Five Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Blue Cards. Speech 5H.
A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

LEVY, CAROLYN JUNE
Blue Cards. Chevrons. Swimming Pin. Secretary to Mr. Proctor.
A kind heart she hath.

LEVY, DOROTHY (DOT)
Swimming. Dancing. Captainball. Choral Training. Blue Cards.
Small, but oh my!

LEVY, GLADYS
From Peekskill High.
The Past is too much with her.

LLOYD, WILLIAM J. (BILL)
Basketball Varsity, '32, '33, '34 Championship, '33. Intramural Tennis, Double Championship, '32. Swimming Squad, '31. Traffic Squad. Major Letters.
Lloyd, what a man!

LOMAX, WILLIAM R. (BILLY)
Football, '33. Wrestling, '31. *Dome* Staff, '34. "Mikado," '31. Revival of "Mikado," '33. "Pirates of Penzance," '32. "Ruddigore," '34. Major Letters. Spring Concerts, '32 and '33. Blue Cards. English 8H. Leaders' Club.
I'll do it again.

LOMBARDO, SARAH
Silver Quill. Spring Concert, '32. Secretary to Miss Robeson. Second Prize in Author's Contest. French Club. P. S. A. L. Pin. Chevrons. Library Assistant in Annex 56.
Quality, not quantity.

LOOMIS, BEULAH M. (BETTY)
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Self-Denial Captain. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Treasurer Hearthstone Club, Spring, 1933.
An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.

LOWE, EDNA I. (EDDIE)
Chevrons. Cafeteria. Girl Reserves.
Lowe, and behold.

LUNZ, JOHN L. (JOHNNY)
Commercial Honor Society. Spanish Club. Regents Honor in Typewriting. Secretary to Mr. Collins. Guard in Cafeteria. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball
Thus we shall part with mutual respect.

MacDONALD, DOUGLAS D. (MAC)
Printshop (3 yrs). Junior Arista. Swimming Team, '32 and '33. Intramural Swimming, '32. Finance Committee. Engineering Club. Inter-class Baseball. Inter-class Tennis.
'Tis good will makes intelligence.

MADAY, ALBIN T. (AL)
J. V. Football, '31. Track Team, '31. Minor Letters. Life Guard '31, '32, '33, '34. Riding Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. P. S. A. L. Pins. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman.
He did his part and did it well.

MAGNUSSEN, WILFRED (MAGGIE)
Swimming Team, '30-'34. Senior Life Guard. Life Guard in Pool. '30-'34. Squad Leader, '30-'34. Intramural Medals for Swimming. Leaders Club. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. *Domino* and *Dome* Captain. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman.
Slow and steady wins the race.

MALTESE, FRANCES A.
Honor Roll. Junior Arista. Sketch Club terms 5, 6, 7, 8. Speech Honor. 1st Prize Easter Poster Contest, '32. *Dome* Art Staff. Secretary to Miss Comerford, '32. Blue Cards. C. C. N. Y. Spanish Contest Participant. Chevrons. Swimming.
Art is Power.

MARSH, ROBERT
Swimming Squad '31 and '32. Intramural Swimming Medals. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.
He shall live well.

MARTON, GEORGE P.
Traffic Squad. Blue Card. Inter-class Basketball. Poster Club. Sketch Club (2).
He holds his tongue, but lets his actions speak.

MATHIS, MEYER
Senior Arista. English 7H and 8H. American History 2H. Chess Team, '33 and '34. Chess Club. Scholarship. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
Every man's fortune is molded by his character.

MATHIS, SIDNEY
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English 7H and 8H. Traffic Squad. Spanish Club. Blue Cards.
A genial boy and rather smart;
To be both things is quite an art.

MAURER, GELRGETTE M.
Orchestra (4 yrs). Junior Arista. Commercial Honor Society. G. O. Representative. Glee Club. Secretary to Mr. Bagley. Secretary to Miss Berkstresser. Blue Cards. Honor Roll.
Of studies tooke she most care and heede.

MAUSHART, AMBROSE J.
Inter-class Swimming, '32 and '33. Champion Inter-class Relay Team, '32. P. S. A. L. Pin. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
Maushart ne'er won fair lady.

MAX, EUNICE
Basketball, Captainball and Swimming Chevrons. Self-Denial Captain. Blue Cards. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Secretary to Mr. Dann and Mr. Atwater. General Office (1 yr.). Office Assistant, Annex 90. Library Assistant, Annex 56.
A little girl like that.

MAYBERRY, JANE E.
Sword Society. Junior Arista. Secretary to Miss Leete. Blue Cards. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Championship Basketball Team. Championship Captainball Team. Senior Swimming P. S. A. L. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons.
You ought to be in pictures.

MAYER, WILLIAM H.
Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. P. S. A. L. Pins.
Let me work!

McCALLUM, HAZEL C.
Sword Society. Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Secretary of Senior Arista. Championship Basketball Team. Chevrons for Basketball, Captainball, Swimming and Tennis. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Knocks and Boosts.
She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with.

McDERMOTT, DORIS
English 7H and 8H. Speech 5H. American History 2H. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Tressler and Mrs. Walter. Blue Cards. Chevrons.
Charms strike the sight and merit wins the soul.

McGRANE, EDWARD
Domino Columnist and Sports Writer. Baseball Publicity Speaker. G. O. Convention Speaker. *Domino* Advertising Staff. Inter-class Basketball Runners-up. P. S. A. L. Medal. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Engineering Club.
You've got everything.

McLAREN, HUGH (MAC)
Vice-President of 5th and 6th Terms. President of Chess Club, Annex 90. Inter-class Basketball, Baseball and of Swimming. Dramatics. Print Shop. Orchestra (2 yrs.). *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. Junior Arista. Speech 5H and 6H. Christmas Play, '32 and '33. Blue Cards.
Our Politician.

McLAUGHLIN, WILLIAM JOHN (FLAX)
Secretary in P. T. office. Inter-class Basketball. Orchestra (3 terms). Orchestra for "Pirates of Penzance." Blue Cards.
All who saw admired.

MEAGHER, GEORGE FRANCIS
Senior Red Cross Life Saver. Swimming Team. Traffic Squad. Mr. Hoffman's Secretary. Pool Life Guard. Blue Cards. Manager of Swimming Team. Squad Leader. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
Deep rivers move in silence.

MEEHAN, THOMAS ANDREW (RED)
Basketball Manager, '33, '34. Inter-class Basketball. Blue Cards. *Domino* and *Dome* Captain. P. T. Office Secretary. Usher. Traffic Duty.
In self-defense we cannot knock a redhead.

MELTZER, SELIG
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Fencing, '33 and '34. Blue Cards. Chess Club.
Crash! And his eyebrows came together.

MERSCHROD, HELEN JEAN
Secretary to Miss Conroy. *Dome* and *Domino*, and Self-Denial Captain. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Senior P. S. A. L. Swimming Pins. Championship Captainball Team 5th Term. Blue Cards.
A very congenial girl.

METZ, MINERVA F.
Secretary to Mrs. Nordquist, Mr. Atwater and Miss Callaway. Chevrons. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Walking Club.
A little boldness ever wins good friends.

MILDENBERGER, ROBERT A. (MILDY)
Inter-class Basketball. Intramural Swimming. Handball Tournament. Secretary of P. T. Class. Engineering Club. Sketch Club. Blue Cards. Stamp Club.
The last of the Mildenbergers.

MILLER, GERMAINE (GERRY)
Senior Arista. President of French Club (2 terms). Scholarship Pin (4 terms). Treasurer French Club. Secretary 3rd Term Class. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Dann (2 terms).
All that's friendly and satisfying.

MILLER, WILLIAM
He is fit as any fiddle.

MILLER, JAMES F. (JIMMY)
Varsity Football Squad, '33. Inter-class Swimming. Inter-class Basketball. Inter-class Handball. Engineering Club. Latin Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Steffens. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.
Be great in act as you have been in thought.

MITCHELL, EMILY HELEN
Junior Arista. Dramatic Club (2 yrs.). Choral Training. Blue Cards. Walking Club. Chevrons.
A little nonsense now and then.

MITTELSTAEDT, GEORGE T.
Blue Cards. P. T. Guard. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Traffic Squad.
A business-like man.

MOHR, HELEN A.
Secretary to Miss Talbot (3 terms.) Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. *Domino* Captain. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Program Committee (2 terms)
Let's have Mohr of Helen.

MOHR, MARGARET L.
Secretary tl Mr. Southmerfield (2 terms). Ring and Pin Committee. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. *Dome* Captain. G. O. Caucus Delegate.
You are cool, like silver, and you smile.

MORRIS, THOMAS J. (TOM)
American History 2H. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. *Domino* Captain. Traffic Squad.
Silence is a true friend who never betrays.

MUNCH, BETTY
Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin (6 times). American History 2H. English Commendation. Mr. Dann's Office 5 and 6. Miss Leete's Office 8. Secretary to Miss Fayer. Glee Club, Annex 56. Choral Training and Spring Concert, '32. Latin Club Aedile 6, Vice-President 7 and Treasuere 8. Cercle Francais. Blue Cards.
We can't have too Munch of a good thing.

NEUBERT, HUBERT
From German High School. Scholarship Pins.
Brave actions never want a trumpet.

NEWBURGH, WILLIAM J. (BILL)
Lead in "Ruddigore." Member of Chorus in "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance." *Dome* Captain. *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Inter-class Swimming, Baseball and Basketball. Model and Engineering Clubs. City Choral Contest, '33. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Awards.
"Satan, get thee behind me—and push."

NEWMAN, LOIS M.
Senior Arista. Latin 3 Year Medal. Scholarship Pin. Latin Club. French Club. American History 2H. English 7H and 8H. Class Gift Committee. Swimming Chevrons.
Her books are like a cafeteria—open all night.

NOTO, SALVATORE J.
From Lawrence High School.
Noto bad fellow.

NOWACKE, GEORGIANNA (GEORGIE)
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Representative to Spanish Inter-High School Contest of N. Y. Walking Club. Girl Reserves. Spanish Club. Secretary to Miss McKelvy. Chevron.
Neatness personified.

OBST, MARGARET J. (MARGIE)
Bank Clerk to Mr. Meehan. Blue Cards. Swimming and Tennis Chevrons. Commercial Honor Society. *Domino* Captain. Class Secretary to Miss Prinzing and Mr. Walback. G. O. Caucus Representative.
A tender heart, a will inflexible.

OEHMEN, STANLEY O.
Scholarship in First Term.
Fine boy, but why don't we see more of you?

OEST, ERNEST (ERNIE)
Print Squad (2 yrs). Dramatics. Traffic Squad. Squad Leader, '33 and '34. P. S. A. L. Pins. Blue Cards.
Oest is Oest,
West is West.

OHMS, FRED J.
Senior Arista. Traffic Squad. English 7H and 8H. Scholarship Pin (5). Junior Arista. Latin Club. Last Will and Testament Committee. Program Committee. Member of the Senior Arista Committee on Admissions. *Dome*, *Domino* and G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Christmas Play, '32.
Great men are often unknown.

OKUN, BEATRICE (BEA)
Secretary to Mr. Dann and Mr. Atwater. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pin. Chevrons. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Spring Concert, '31. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Walking Club.
Secrets of a secretary.

OSWALD, MARGARET (PEGGY)
Dome Art Staff. Poster Club. Secretary to Mrs. Dunne.
Peg can draw—and that's not all.

OWENS, JOHN (JACK)
Domino Staff. Inter-class Basketball. Captain of Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Rifle Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Journalism Club.
Bull's eye or bust.

PACERA, ANNA
Blue Cards. Program Committee. Spanish Club, '32, '33 and '34. Swimming. Chevrons. Captainball. Dancing.
She is as good a little creature as can be.

PALM, CHARLES A.
G. O. Caucus Delegate '32. Junior Arista. Intramural Basketball and Swimming. *Dome* Captain. City Championship Choral Training Group, '33. "Ruddigore". Secretary to Mr. Mabel. Traffic Squad, Annex 56. Blue Cards.
The Palm of friendship.

PALOMBELLA, FRANK
Basketball, '32, '33, '34. Queens Champions, '33 and '34. Inter-class Basketball and Handball Medals. "Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance" and "Ruddigore." Junior Arista. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Wrestling, '31. Blue Cards. City Choral Championship. Secretary to Miss Windecker.
Let's shout his praises from the housetops.

PAPPALARDO, ANTHONY
Vice-President of Pan-American Club. Track Team, '31. Spanish Club. "Mikado" Revival. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Interclass Basketball. P. S. A. L. Pin.
Much mirth, no sadness
All good, no badness.

PASCUMA, JEAN
P. S. A. L. Pins. Swimming Chevrons. Captainball and Basketball Chevrons. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Spanish Club, '33, '34. Honor Roll.
A reputation for doing good.

PAULEY, DOROTHY
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Program Committee. Secretary to Miss Fayer and Mrs. Schenker. Art Editor of English Class Book.
A keen clever mind,
This girl's the right kind.

PERRIN, HARRY (BILL)
Inter-class Baseball. Inter-class Soccer. Inter-class Basketball.
To know him is to like him.

PERRY, FLORENCE
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Secretary to Miss Leete (3 terms). Secretary of Girl Reserves. Commercial Honor Society. Pan-American Club. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pin. Blue Cards. Program Committee.
Florence never says a word.
Is she afraid of being heard?

PETERSON, NATHALIE (PETE)
Riding Club. Girl Reserves. Tennis, Swimming, Walking, Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. G. O. Representative.
The weapon that no enemy can parry—a—cheerful spirit.

PFEIFER, EMILY C. (EM)
Mr. Ullman's Secretary. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. G. O. Captain. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Spring Concert, '32. Choral Training.
The breeze of popular favor.

PHILLIPS, ADELINE J. (SIS)
Vice-President of Hearthstone Club, '34. Secretary of Hearthstone Club, '33. Treasurer of Hearthstone Club. Delegate to N. Y. S. Home Economics Convention. Swimming and Walking Chevrons. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Windecker.
The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

PITTS, ELEANOR
Junior and Senior Arista. English 7H and 8H. American History 2H. Scholarship Pin. Miss Leete's Office. English Commendation. Speech 5H. Play Committee. Quill. Latin Club. French Club. Chevrons.
She'll go to great heights.

PLANCON, ALICE V. (SKEETS)
Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin (2 yrs.) Emergency Aide (1 yr.) Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins. Swimming. Tennis. Blue Cards. Captainball.
There's April in her heart.

PLESS, VIRGINIA R.
Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Medals. Hearthstone Club. American History 2H. Emergency Aide. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain.
All who have meant good work with whole hearts have done good work.

PODSEN, EDWIN
Traffic Squad. Inter-class Basketball. Honor Roll. Blue Cards. G. O. Caucus Delegate. History Club. *Domino* Captain. Senior Prom Committee.
One may smile and smile, and be a villain.

POHLMAN, RUTH A.
Sword Society. Junior and Senior Arista. Secretary to Miss Metz. Minor Letters. Assistant to Miss Levy. Junior Red Cross Life Saving Service. Championship Captainball Team. Chevrons and P. S. A. L. Medals. Spanish Medals.
An athlete among athletes.

PREUSS, LILLIAN A. (LIL)
President and Secretary of the G. O. Junior and Senior Arista. Sword Society. Vice-President of Grade 5 and 6. President of 3 and 4. Minor Letters. American History 2H. Swimming Awards. P. S. A. L. Pins and Chevrons. *Domino* Staff. Pan-American Hearthstone & Riding Clubs. Senior Prom Committee.
An all-American girl.

QUINN, DOROTHY P.
General Office. Miss Leete's Office. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Program Committee. Caucus Delegate.
The keynote of her nature is friendliness.

RABINOWITZ, ABRAHAM
President of Latin Club. Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Chess and Stamp Club. Blue Cards. Self-Denial and G. O. Captain. G. O. Delegate.
Honest Abe.

RAEDLE, BEULAH ANITA
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons and P. S. A. L. Pin. P. T. Squad Leader 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7. "Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Mikado" Revival & "Ruddigore." Student Leader, Speech 5. *Domino* Secretary. Knocks and Boosts.
A cure for the blues.

RAHTES, JOHN
P. S. A. L. Pin. Guard Duty. Blue Cards.
Then hey for boat and horse, lad
And round the world away.

Sincerely Ruby

REICH, RUTH DOROTHEA (RUDY)
Secretary to Mrs. Fletcher & Miss Konigsberg. Blue Cards. Usher at "Pirates of Penzance," '32. "Ruddigore," '34. Honor Roll. Chevrons. Walking and Hockey Club. Choral Training.
Rudy's full of pep and go,
That's why people like her so.

REINHARD, HARRIET IRENE
Honor Roll. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Usher at "Pirates of Penzance." and "Mikado." Cheering Club. Dancing Club. Choral Training. Program Committee.
Cold hand, warm heart.

REYNOLDS, MARIETTA NORRIS
Junior and Senior Arista. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 1 and 2. President of Glee Club 2nd Term. Spring Concert, '32. Cast of "Pirates of Penzance," '32. "Mikado" Revival, '33. Cast of "Ruddigore," '34. English Commendations. Speech 5H. English 7H. Choral Training 5 terms. Blue cards.
All musical people seem to be happy.

RIBACK, BERNARD J. (BERNIE)
Self-Denial Captain. G. O. Caucus Delegate. French Club Squad Leader. Captain of Traffic Squad. Handball Tournament. *Domino* and *Dome* Captain. Blue Cards.
Who cares what tomorrow brings if today brings joy.

ROHRBACK, ANNA JEANNE
G. O. Captain. English Commendation 7. English 8H. Swimming. Chevrons. Honor Roll.
Sweet and unaffected.

ROSSI, THERESA
Caucus Delegate. French and Dancing Clubs. Sketch Club. Rifle Club. Winner of the Author's Contest. Captainball. Chevrons.
She knows how to apply herself.

RUB, LOUIS JOHN
President of German Club. Secretary of Quill. Play: "Hermann and Dorothea." LatinPageant:"VirgilThrough the Ages." *Dome* Staff, '32. Scholarship. Junior Arista. Caucus Delegate.
That's where he Rub comes in.

RULE, DON J.
Football, '30, '31 (All-Queens) '32, (Captain-All-Queens) '33. Inter-class Basketball. School Usher. Honor Roll. Major Letters P. T. Secretary. *Domino* Staff. Riding Club. Blue Cards. G. O. Captain. P. S. A. L. Medals.
You've gotta be a football hero.

RUST, EDNA E.
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Secretary to Miss Leete. Walking, Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. Blue Cards.
What are little girls made of?

SAMOWITZ, STANLEY
Senior Arista. Scholarships. Captain of Traffic Squad. Knocks and Boosts Committee. English Commendation. Junior Arista. Honor Roll. Program Committee. History Honor Class. French Club. Class Night. Regents Honor Roll.
The face of his own merit makes his way.

SCHILLING, ELVIRA MURIEL
Junior Arista. Commercial Honor Society. Speech 5H. Honor Roll. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Walking Club.
Just a shy little violet.

SCHLESINGER, STANLEY ALLEN
Managing Editor of the *Domino*. Publicity Manager of Baseball. *Dome* Publicity. Aedile of Latin Club. English Commendation. Junior Arista. *Domino* Columnist. Cafeteria Squad. Contributor to the *Dome*. Blue Cards. Chess Club.
The little Napoleon.

SCHLOTT, ETHEL E. (EDDIE)
Captainball. Basketball. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Cheering Squad. Secretary to Mr. Briscoe. Dramatics. *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Lunch Captain, Annex 56.
By her laughter you shall know her.

SCHMIDT, DOROTHY (DOT)
Editor-in-Chief of the *Dome* (3 terms). Scholarship Pin (7 terms). English 7H and 8H. English Commendations. Junior and Senior Arista. President of Quill (3 terms). Secretary of Quill. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. P. S. A. L. Pins and Chevrons. Speech 5 Honor Class. Secretary to Miss Leete. Blue Cards.
Sugar and spice,
And everything nice.

SCHMIDT, RUTH V.
Captainball. Walking Club. Swimming. Blue Cards. Honor Roll. *Dome* Captain, Annex 56. Secretary to Mrs. Preston.
She's straight and true as an arrow

SCHNEIDER, EDWARD
Captain of Rifle Team, '33. Varsity Rifle Team '31, '32, '33. Major Letters (3). P. S. A. L. Pins and Medals. N. R. A. Qualifications. Distinguished Rifleman. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.

SCHOENDORF, ANTHONY
Blue Cards. President English 7 Class. *Domino* Captain. Lunch Captain (Annex). Traffic Squad. Regents Honor.
On what strange stuff ambition feeds.

SCHRADER, LILLIAN
From John Adams. Swimming Pins and Chevrons. Self-Denial Captain. Girl Reserves Club. Hearthstone Club. Captainball.
A loving heart is the truest wisdom

SCHUBART, WILLIAM
Varsity Rifle Team, '31, '32, '33. Varsity Tennis Team, '33, '34. P. S. A. L. Medals. N. R. A. Qualifications. Distinguished Rifleman. Major Letters (3). Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Inter-class Basketball. Co-Captain of the Tennis Team.
What the well-dressed man will wear.

SCHWANER, HELEN M.
Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Secretary to Miss Metz. Treasurer of 8th Term Class. P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins and Chevrons. English 7H and 8H. English Commendations. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Class Secretary to Miss Schlacter, Mr. Smith and Miss Konigsberg. Latin Club. Chairman of Finance Committee.
They laugh that win.

SCHWARTZ, DIANE
Girl Reserves. Pan-American Club. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pin. Delegate to Pan-American Convention, '32. Class Night. *Domino* Captain. Program Committee.
Just grow, and grow, and grow—
And that's what she must do.

SCHWARTZ, MILDRED HELEN (MILLIE)
Blue Cards. Chevrons. *Domino* Captain. *Dome* Captain. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Emergency Aide.
Good nature is always success.

SEESTADT, FRED
Football, '32, '33. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Inter-Class Basketball. Honor Roll. Major Letter. Handball.
A man who blushes is not quite a brute!

SENESE, CLEMENTINE E. (CLEM)
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Mr. Mabel and Mr. Tressler. Bank Secretary. American History 2H. Commercial Honor Society. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Bank Committee. Bank Clerk (3 terms).
She stands high in the hearts of all.

SEYFRIED, MARY R.
English commendation. Scholarship Pins (3). Secretary to Miss Manfred. Junior Arista. Basketball and Tennis Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pin. Blue Cards. Speech 5H. Who's Who Committee. Traffic Squad 56. Honor Roll.
She is a maiden fair to see.

SHAPIRO, LARNA
Secretary to Mr. Tressler. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Dress Committee. Chevrons. Editor-in-Chief English 6 Class Paper. Commercial Honor Society.
Dark eyes.

SHAPIRO: RUTH W.
7 Scholarship Pins. Senior Arista. 4 English Commendations. English 7H and 8H. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Chairman Program Committee Arista, '33. Chevrons.
There's a deal of deviltry beneath that quiet exterior.

SHEDLARZ, RUTH
Class Night Committee. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Walking Club. Teachers' Teas.
An obliging smile and disposition.

SHUTTLEWORTH, DOROTHEA V. (DOTTY)
Secretary to Miss Leete (2 yrs.). Blue Cards. Chevrons. Assistant to Mr. Kau and Miss Glasser at 56. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Caucus Delegate Annex 56. "Ruddigore." Program Committee. Traffic Squad.
Care rests lightly on thy shoulders.

SINGER, BERNARD
6 Scholarship Pins. Latin Club. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Honor History Class. English 8H. Class Book Publisher. Dramatic Club. Participant in the Theodore Roosevelt Contest.
Lawyer thou art.

SINOWITZ, LILY
Editor-in-Chief *Domino* (2) Terms. *Dome* Editorial Board. Senior Arista. Treasurer 5th Term. Associate Editor *Domino*. Scholarship Pins. Quill. Member Student Board French Club. English Commendations Every Term. Chairman Last Will and Testament. Swimming Chevrons
Still loving song, but loving more Life, of which songs are made.

SITKOWSKI, JOSEPH W.
Squad Leader. Inter-class Double Tennis Team Championship. Wrestling Team '32. *Domino* Captain. Junior Life Saving. *Dome* Captain. Blue Cards. Cafeteria Squad.
Let him alone; he never bothered anybody

SKIDMORE, HOWARD
Business Manager of the *Domino* and *Dome*. American History 2H. Annex Editor *Domino*. Assistant Manager of Rifle Team. *Dome* Contributor. Major and Minor Letters. Baseball Publicity.
He was a very gentle, perfect knight.

SMITH, ELSIE G. (EL)
Cafeteria Squad. Traffic Squad. Secretary to Miss Johnson (5 terms). *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Bank Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Teachers' Teas. Chevrons. Emergency Aide.
She draws a boost.

SMITH, GRACE
Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Honor Roll. Orchestra Annex 56. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Riding Club. Captainball. Basketball. Swimming. Program.
One of the few immortal names that were not born to die.

SNEE, ANDREW J.
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad. Bicycle Squad. Captain. Stamp Club. *Domino* Room Captain. American History 2H.
Love and Snee cannot be hid.

SOBECK, RUTH MARTHA
English 8H. Treasurer of Commercial Honor Society. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Inter-High School German Glee Club. Captainball and Hockey Chevrons. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Secretary to Mr. Beame. Honor Roll.
Heroines should be tall.

SODERQUIST, JUNE R. (SODY)
Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Commercial Honor Society. Swimming, Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. Blue Cards. Editor of Class Book. Honor Roll.
Good nature, like a bee, collects honey everywhere.

SOLMS, JANET
Member of chorus in "Mikado" Revival, '33, "Pirates of Penzance," '32, and "Ruddigore," '34. Spring Concert, '31. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. G. O. Caycus Delegate. Class Night.
I am here although you don't know it.

SPENCER, CHARLES R. (SMILING CHARLES)
President of Chess Club. Chess Team. Blue Cards. Intramural Swimming. Spanish Club. Pan-American Club.
Smiling thru'.

SPRINGER, ROBERT E.
P. T. Secretary 5 Terms. Captain of Traffic Squad. Speech 6H. English 7H. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Proctor. Christmas Play.
Service with a smile.

STABILE, DOMINICK J.
Dome and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Basketball '32, '33 and '34. Captain Queens Championship '33. Major Letters. Bwad Club.
I am the dark cavalier.

STAFFORD, GEORGE S.
Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. *Domino* Captain. *Dome* Captain.
He is never in the way
And never out of the way.

STAUDT, HENRY E.
Cross Country Squad, '31. Ju nior Life Saving. Senior Life Saving. Inter-class Baseball. Inter-class Basketball. Blue Cards. Traffic. Honor Roll.
He looked neither up nor down.

STAVELEY, JIM P. (JAMES)
Inter-class Basketball. Blue Cards. Soccer.
A modest man with pride that bears no name.

STEINMETZ, LILLIAN F.
Girl Leader of Arista. Scholarship Pins (7). P. S. A. L. Medals. Vice-President Latin Club. Junior Arista. English 7H and 8H. Senior Prophecy Committee. Publisher of English Honor Class Book. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Dann, Miss Leete and General Office. Swimming and Captainball Chevrons. Speech 5H.
Conscientious, firm, and true,
She does whate'er she's told to do.

STERBENZ, JOSEPH H.
Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards.
Who deserves well needs not another's praise.

STIENE, HELEN
Basketball. Captainball. Swim ming. Tennis. Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medals.
Oh, these athletes.

STIFTER, HARRY R.
Scholarship Pin. History Honor Class. Blue Cards. Honor Roll. Junior Arista.
The Sphinx.

STORCK, ELEANOR GRACE (STORCKIE)
Dome Staff, '32. Blue Cards. Chevrons and P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Pins. Minor Letters. Secretary to Mr. Kersey. Secretary Work for Miss MacLaughlin. Art Staff *Dome*. Poster Club. Cast of "Ruddigore."
Hi, Nellie!

STRAUSS, SEYMOUR
Captain of Guards. Orchestra 3 1-2 yrs. Class Night. Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. Rifle Team. Camera Club.
Club.
There's something about a soldier.

STRAUSS, SHIRLEY
Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Captainball. Basketball. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Self-Denial Captain. Speech 5H. Swimming. Chevrons. Delegate to G. O. Caucus.
S. S.—Sweet and Saucy.

STREBEL, RUTH (RUDY)
Secretary to Mr. Dann. Blue Cards. P. S. A. L. Medal. Poster Club. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. Captainball, Tennis and Swimming Chevrons. Dancing Club.
An honest heart possesses a kingdom.

STROMFELD, JACK A.
Assistant Sports Editor of the *Domino*. Assistant Business Manager of the *Domino*. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Managing Editor of English 6 Class Paper. Inter-class Basketball. Secretary to Miss White and Mrs. Van Wormer. Office Duty at 56. Autograph Club. Honor Roll. *Dome* Captain. G. O. Caucus Delegate.
Better a bad excuse than none.

STURM, VIRGINIA (JINNY)
Self-Denial Captain. Squad Leader in P. T. Walking Club at 56. Swimming and Walking Chevrons. *Domino* Captain.
Good-night, O blue-eyed maid of mine!

SULLIVAN, URSULA R. (SULLY)

Honor Roll. Commercial Honor Society. Class Secretary to Miss Dithridge. Delegate to Caucus. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Basketball, Captainball and Swimming. Cheering. P. S. A. L. Medals. Junior Arista.

A good sport is always a welcome addition.

TAYLOR, RUTH E.

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Six Scholarship Pins. English Commendations (3). Traffic Squad. Secretary of Latin Club. English 7H and 8H. Last Will and Testament Committee. Secretary to Mr. Yoder. Editor of English Honor Class Book. Quill. Blue Cards.

Originality is the soul of wit.

THOMAS, EDITH IRENE (EDIE)

From Bushwick High School. Basketball Chevrons. Captainball Chevrons. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards.

Edie is a lady.

THOMPSON, MATTHEW R. (MAT)

Junior Arista. English 7H. Speech 6H. Traffic Squad, '33 and '34. Blue Cards. Gym Squad 7 Terms.

He's like a piano: grand, upright and square.

THOMSON, LILLIAN A. (TOMMY)

Bank President. Bank Clerk. Commercial Honor Society. Book Committee. P. S. A. L. Medal. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Captainball. Swimming. Walking Club. Dancing Club.

A bit of sunshine for a rainy day.

THURSTON, BRUCE E. (BRUTUS)

Junior and Senior Arista. Editorial Staff of *Dome*. English 7H and 8H. Traffic Duty. Swimming Intramural Medal. Squad Leader in P. T. Scholarship Pin. English Commendation. Annex Glee Club. Blue Cards.

The shortest answer is doing.

TIMMES, GEORGE A. (TIM)

Track '34. Inter-class Basketball, '31, '32, '33. Inter-class Baseball '31. *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards.

Dreaming of a day less dim,
Dreaming of a time less far.

TOBIAS, LARRY (TOBY)

Swimming Team. Tennis Team. Rifle Club. Major and Minor Letters. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Who's Who Committee. Treasurer of Stamp Club. Traffic Squad. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman.

The best is none too good for him

THOMASZEWSKI, THADDEUS J. (TOMMIE)

Swimming Medal. Life Saving. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman. Honor Roll. Blue Cards.

What's in a name.

TREILING, ADELAIDE R.

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Graduated in 3 1-2 yrs. Honor Roll. English Commendation. Newman Club. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Walking, Swimming, Hockey and Captainball Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Pins.

Just Treiling along.

TUNELL, NORMAN

Varsity Baseball, '33 and '34. Varsity Swimming, '32. Interclass Baseball, Basketball and Soccer. Swimming Medal. Jjnior Arista. Traffic Squad. Life Guard (5 terms). Interclass Basketball Championship Team. P. S. A. L. Pins. Football Squad, '33. Minor Letters. P. T. Leader (7 terms).

'Tis the voice of the slugger!

VALENTINE, GEORGE WHITELY

President Engineering Club. Senior Arista. Physics Preparation Squad. Senior Picture Committee. Domino Club Editor. Model Club Vice-President. English 8 Honor Class.

Here is a man to hold against the world.

VALERIO, JOHN

Suit the action to the word.

VANDERBERG, LILLIAN S.

Cheering Squad. Minor Letters. Emergency Aide (3 terms). Senior Swimming Pin. P. S. A. L. Medals and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Basketball, Captainball, Swimming and Tennis Chevrons. Lunch Captain at 56.

For her clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be.

VECCHIONE, ELIZABETH
Bank Clerk, '33, '34. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Book Committee. Dancing. Basketball. Swimming.
For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varied.

VIESER, VIRGINIA (VEE)
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English 7H. G. O. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Captain. Self-Denial Captain (3 terms). *Dome* Captain. Swimming. Walking Club. Traffic Squad.
As petite as a little French doll.

VOLL, HELEN K.
Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Program Committee. *Domino* Captain. *Dome* Captain.
A sensible, ambitious young lady.

WAIBEL, PHILIP G. (WOBBLE)
Swimming Team, '32, '33, and '34. Minor and Major Letters. Traffic Squad. G. O. Room Captain. Blue Cards. Junior Life Saving. Life Guard in the Pool. Secretary to Mr. Hoffman.
A pleasant fellow and well-liked.

WANGNER, MARIAN C. (MOUSIE)
P. S. A. L. Medals. Swimming Chevrons. Swimming Pins. Senior Red Cross. Blue Cards. Emergency Aide (2 terms). *Dome* Captain. Basketball and Tennis Chevrons.
Look on the bright side of the street—and there you'll find her.

WARD, DOROTHY R.
President and Vice-President of Girl Reserves. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Swimming Pin. Swimming and Dancing Chevrons. Blue Cards. Chess Club.
Little to see, but great to know.

WARREN, VIRGINIA (GINGER)
Junior and Senior Aritsa, Scholarship Pins. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Metz. Program Committee. Chevrons. Senior Swimming P. S. A. L. English Honor Class. Speech 5H. Play Committee. Honor Roll.
Here is the girl a god may know.

WEINSTEIN, HAROLD L.
Arista. Scholarship. Blue Cards. Spanish Club. Camera Club. Honor Roll.
The reason that we have two ears and one mouth is that we may hear more and speak less.

WEISS, ELIAS LOU
Spanish Club, '32, '33. Vice-President of Spanish Club, '34. Blue Cards. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Interclass Basketball. P. T. Leader. Track Team '34 G. O. Caucus Delegate.
Weiss certainly—why not?

WEISS, NORMAN
Secretary to Mrs. Van Wormer, Miss Collins, Miss Kiso and Mr. Behn. German Club. Spanish Club. Pan-American Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Pin.
Steady and reliable.

WERNIG, GEORGE A. (BABE)
Swimming Team, '31, '32, '33 and '34. Championship Relay Team. Swimming Pins and Medals. Life Guard. P. T. Leader. Orchestra. Blue Cards. Honor Roll. Gym Team.
He's too good to be knocked.

WETTERAU, STANLEY D. (DOC)
English Commendations. English Honor 7 and 8. American History 2H. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship. Track '31. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Engineering Club '32.
Down to the sea in ships.

WHITE, ALBAN E. (SAINT)
From Brooklyn Tech.
A clear conscience is a coat of mail.

WHITEHORNE, FRANCES (FRANKIE)
Junior and Senior Arista. Champion Captainball Team. Champion Basketball Team. Scholarship Pins. Miss Leete's Office. Play Committee. Knocks and Boosts Committee. English Honor Class. Poster Club. Speech Honor Class. Chevrons.
She plays the game.

WILSON, ROBERT C. (WILS)
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Camera Club.
Honor is purchased by the deeds we do.

WOLF, HELEN A. (WOLFY)
Senior and Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Secretary to Miss Metz (3 yrs). Vice President Senior Class. Secretary 3, 5, 6 and 7. Senior Prom Committee. English Commendation. Delegate to G. O. Caucus. Chevrons. *Domino* Reporter '30 and '31. Commencement Committee. Secretary to Miss Prinzing.
Popularity is the proof of personality.

WOLFE, WARREN J.
Dome and *Domino* Captain. *Dome* and *Domino* Floor Manager. Cross-Country Squad. Inter-class Basketball. Inter-class Baseball. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad (3 terms). Gym Secretary to Mr. Collins. Honor Roll.
'Tis the silent people who accomplish much.

WRIGHT, ELEANOR (SHRIMP)
Correspondent of Pan-American Club. Swimming Chevrons. G. O. Captain.
She's all Wright.

WUERFL, HERMAN (RED)
English Commendation. Traffic Squad. (3 terms) Blue Cards. Inter-class Basketball. Inter-class Swimming, '32, '33 and '34. *Domino* Captain.
Keep the head-fires burning.

WUERTZ, FRANK O.
Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Inter-class Swimming. Junior Life Saving. Secretary to Mr. Rappaport.
Wuertz fail us.

BARKER, MARGUERITE
From Jamaica High School.
Only one term, but it seemed an eternity.

ZATOR, MARIE C.
Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Foerster. German Club. Blue Cards. Walking Chevrons.
We seek her friendship.

ZEISER, BERTHA (BIRDIE)
Junior Arista. Commercial Honor Society. Secretary to Miss Cook. G. O. Captain. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming Chevrons. Captainball Chevrons. Hockey Chevrons. Blue Cards.
She has an indefinite charm about her.

ZIMMERLICH, JOHN
Basketball, '33 and '34. Baseball Varsity, '34.
Aren't these athletes quiet?

ZIRINSKY, STANLEY (ZIP)
President 2nd Term. Vice-President 7th Term. Inter-class Baseball '29 and '30. Inter-class Basketball '31. Scholarship Pin. *Domino*, *Dome* and Self-Denial Captain. English Honor. G. O. Officer. President English Class. Traffic Duty. Athletic Awards. Tennis Tournament Winner
A box of wisecracks.

ZITO, PAUL FRANCIS (ZITS)
Alternating Officer for 8th Term. Chairman of Who's Who Committee. Secretary for the 4th Term. "Mikado," '32. Junior Arista. Assistant Manager of Football, '33. Inter-class Basketball, '33. Cafeteria Squad. Cheering Squad. Traffic Squad. Camera Club. Blue Cards.
His Latin motto: Testo, Flunkem, Zipso, Expulsus.

ZURN, MILDRED (MICKEY)
Senior Arista. Sword Society. Champion Basketball. Champion Captainball. Scholarship. Junior Arista. Spanish Club. Speech Honor Class. Blue Cards. Chevrons.
She has many friends because she is one.

BELLER, EDWARD
What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

The Riding Club

IDEALIST'S APPREHENSION

Life is a beautiful thing—
A fragile, molded vase
With soft gray melting into sandy red,
And through it all a savage mixture
Of black and white—
Now I hold it in my hand with fever-
ish expectation—
For the moment it is safe—
But suppose that I should drop it?

Lily Sinowitz, '34

STRUGGLE OF THE CENTURIES

Depicting a true dream

We walked through fields of orange
blossoms,
The sun beat down and warmed our
hearts—
Earth stole away for richer marts,
And our souls were wrapped in glory.

We were so happy—we laughed and
sang,
And heard the Junebells singing too—
So blue was the heaven (like violets
dipped in dew)
That we cried out—it hurt us so.

And then a barbed wire fence appeared,
Out of the sea of orange and blue—
He leaped over into the dew—
I started, too, with eyes all a-glow.

(Oh, the sun was so gay and bright!)
I do not know what held me back—
Why did my throat feel stifled and
tight?
Why did I stand and hesitate?

For one wild moment I hated myself,
And then with laughter in his eyes,
He lifted my arms in slow surprise,
And I found myself on the other side.

Lily Sinowitz, '34

A TRIP TO MEXICO

Harriet Levey, '35

THE usual thrill went through me as our ship slowly glided away from New York's glorious sky-line.

Three days out we saw Havana, Cuba. We drove with some acquaintances from the ship around the city to see what damage the recent uprising had done. Everywhere were police with guns and bayonets, guarding stores and houses. The drug stores and doctors' offices were all closed that day because of a strike for better conditions. Peace reigned, and it was hard to believe all the horrible tales of raid and plunder we had heard.

We learned that Grau San Martin, the deposed President, was to sail with us, and found that we had to fight our way through mobs back to the pier. People crowded the docks, swarmed on the roofs of the warehouses, and clustered around the gangplank as ants around sugar. His loyal friends carried him aboard on their shoulders, followed by his daughter, and nephew. As we sailed, the boulevard along the bay was black with people, who rode on trolley roofs and on cars. Launches loaded to their capacity escorted us to the harbor entrance, their passengers, principally students, cheering and waving. At last, far from all crowds, we sailed on through the tropic evening.

Two days later we docked at Vera Cruz. After the usual red tape of landing cards, we disembarked and went through the Mexican Customs. At this port they are known as the most stringent in the world. We rode to the beach situated on the gulf and there enjoyed hot tamales. At seven o'clock the Federal Railroad left for Mexico City, to which we bumped and rattled, stopped and started, to the discomfort of all our compatriots. With them we breathed a sigh of relief twelve hours later as we arrived at our destination.

That afternoon we made a tour of this quaint city and visited the palace in its beautiful setting on a high hill in Chapultepec Park. Antiques of great value from the days of Maximilian and Carlotta are on exhibition.

Mexico City is situated between two volcanoes, Sleeping Lady and Popocatapetl. It lies seventy-two hundred feet above sea-level, over the bed of a dried up lake. It is a cosmopolitan city, and walking along its streets you see Indians with their families wrapped in multi-colored blankets and serapes, sitting along the curb selling odds and ends.

An interesting trip was that to the pyramids. No one knows their age, but they have been uncovered only recently, along with their adjacent temples. Climbing the pyramid of the Sun, the lar-

gest found, takes about ten minutes, on account of the number of steps and the altitude. Only adobe has so far been found inside the pyramids, so one cannot enter them as in Egypt.

Everyone visits Xochimilco. Here we took a flat-bottomed boat, with ten chairs on each side, which is poled up and down the canals by one man. These gardens are the picnic grounds of Mexico City, where families bring their lunch, hire a boat, and stay on the water all day, singing, talking and sleeping. Each garden is about one-half to one acre. Small gardens and truck farms are planted and tended by people in boats. You buy a tremendous bunch of violets or carnations for fifteen cents.

But day of days! Sunday afternoon is bull fight day. We went at two and sat an hour watching the crowds gather. No bleachers and grand-stand, but shady side and sunny side are separated in the great concrete and steel arena by a wire fence. Suddenly a great shout arose, the band started to play, and the colorful procession of toreadors, matadors and picadors began. The gorgeous suits of the toreadors, contrasted with the crimson capes, glittering in the sun. Six bulls were destined to die after this display, and Mexican throats cried for blood. The death of the first took our breaths away—was this the old Spanish sport? I shall not describe that gory afternoon's finish, but can assure you that seeing six bulls and a toreador spill their life's blood was a most exciting and gruesome spectacle. I hope to visit Mexico City again, but that was my first and last bull fight.

MOST POPULAR

Lil Preuss

BEST ATHLETE

Oscar Carlson

DOME EDITOR

Dot Schmidt

Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of

Ruth Shapiro, '34

BEHOLD, I dreamed a dream, and this was it. There sprang of a sudden an impenetrable wall of bronze around the school while yet the classes were in session. Immediately there was an indescribable tumult as everyone rushed outside, milling around near the wall, pushing and shoving and crying to be let out. But finally realization came, and, in obedience to Mr. Dann's command, the desks were torn out of the rooms by the boys working in squadrons, and beds were made out of blankets and pillows which came out of a mysterious source of supplies placed in the cellar in inexhaustable abundance by an unknown hand.

For several days we obeyed the commands of the faculty, ate and drank, went to classes, played, and then went to bed at a stated time—always watched and checked and ordered. But then, little by little, came signs of unrest. Groups were seen in the halls whispering—the stronger and more intelligent suggesting and directing plans for rebellion. For a while our ancient fear and respect, instilled by years of obedience, held us, and, though grumbling secretly, we did as we were bid. But underneath, hidden currents were flowing—hidden grievances were festering—hidden designs were maturing. There were nearly five thousand boys and girls in the building—five thousand strong young people—ruled by a handful of teachers, some of them disliked for old slights and real or fancied abuses. Now, among the five thousand there were naturally some who came to the fore, and parties were formed. It happened rather slowly at first, but then there was a rush like a river that has overflowed its banks and overwhelms all in its path. In one hour the teachers were pushed aside and Lil Preuss was chosen leader.

There was wild rejoicing then and plans were made for a great celebration that evening. Then indeed the school hummed with the bustle. Orders had been given that the stores were to be unlocked, and everyone was stripping them for silks, laces, and jewels for adornment. The cafeteria was alive with confusion; people were running back and forth, pots were boiling and steaming; here and there, under the direction of Annette Levy and Adeline Phillips, could be seen our erstwhile masters—the teachers—Mr. Behn cutting the meat up, Miss Walbanke shelling peas, and Mrs. Poetz beating batter, in preparation for the lavish banquet. In Hazen Hall, Mrs. Dunne and Mr. Koltun decorated the walls and windows with satin hangings. Laughter and shouted directions were heard everywhere, mingled with cries for safety pins or mirrors.

At last, at eight o'clock, the dinner was served, the favored—

the seniors—ate in Hazen Hall, the rest—the common herd—used the cafeteria, but everywhere there were sounds indicative of delight and contentment. When no more could be eaten, the plates were cleared away, and we called for entertainment. Everyone crowded into the hall, sitting on the floor, in the balcony, and even balanced precariously on the window sills. Mr. Wood was sent for to provide some music while we all sang, the songs making up in volume what they lacked in tone. Then we called over the entertainment committee and asked them to produce something. In answer, the chairman of the committee, Ruth Taylor, announced six acts of vaudeville, the first of which was to be an exhibition of acrobatics by the P. T. department. Then she stepped aside, the lights were lowered, the floodlights centered on the stage, and the curtain was drawn aside to display a remarkable sight. In the center of the stage was Miss Randall and, standing on her strong, muscular shoulders were Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Koch, holding still others themselves—a human pyramid. There was a moment of applause, then the formation broke up with bows, and the performers went into one manoeuver after another, dancing on their hands, and hanging from the chandeliers with the agility of monkeys. This continued for a while and finally, since acrobatics are boresome, there were scattered shouts for the curtain to fall, but the performers continued to perform. Then the curtain was lowered. When it opened again for a bow, however, they seized the opportunity to turn summersaults and cartwheels. Again the curtain was lowered. This time they crept out from the sides and from underneath the hanging to take another bow—and another—and another—shouts for the lowering of the curtain. But this didn't have much effect. Some of the actors so far forgot themselves as to shake their fist at the audience and yell what they would do if—. Miss MacLaughlin's penetrating voice could be heard shouting, "Haven't you any manners! Remember the three C's!" Others continued to jump up and down and show their feats of strength. In desperation, at length, we had to have them all tied up behind the stage whence their howls could now and then be heard.

"Next on the program," announced Miss Taylor, "will be dramatic monologues by the Speech Department."

From behind the curtain could now be heard loud sounds which became louder when the curtain was raised. In the middle of the stage could be seen people gesticulating and talking, each trying to out-do the others. Rising above the din could be heard snatches of sentences, such as: "To be or not to be, that is the question", "Good night, good-night, parting is such sweet sorrow", "Go get ye hence", "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo." The confusion was absolute. The curtain had to be lowered. That act was a flop.

When Ruth Taylor came to announce the third act, she was rather apologetic because of the last two. "But," said she, "this is sure to be much better. The English Department goes now." At this she nodded to Mr. Wood who started the music. As the curtain opened, a charming sight could be seen. There were the English teachers on the stage, gracefully waving pink and blue streamers, grouped around the throne on which sat majestically the regal figure of J. C. Tressler wearing a golden crown on his head and carrying a dictionary in one hand and a book of manners in the other to represent the Spirit of Literature. At a signal all started to sing this song:

"We are the jolly English teachers
Ready to instruct or command,
Give us a sentence and we'll parse it
For we are the smartest in the land."

At the last word they joined hands and danced gaily around the throne. Then they took up the second stanza.

"The noun is the subject of the verb, dears,
The verb is the thing that does the work
And if you want to know as much as we, dears,
Your homework is a task you'll never shirk."

At the end of this, they started to dance again with a great fluttering of ribbons, and were still dancing when the curtain fell. This act was more of a success than the others and was applauded with more enthusiasm except for scattered jeers on account of the homework part.

"Next on our program," said our announcer, "will be a burlesque bull fight by the Spanish Department."

This passed with high honors. The audience appreciated its slapstick humor and voted Mrs. Byron, who played the bull, a first-rate comedian. It really was very funny to watch her follow on her hands and knees a waving bit of rag.

The curtain fell on this, too, and there was a long pause. The audience began to get restless and annoyed, so I called Miss Taylor over and asked her the reason for the delay. "Well, to tell the truth," said she, "the History Department has insisted upon giving a debate on War Debts and I'm afraid the audience won't like it."

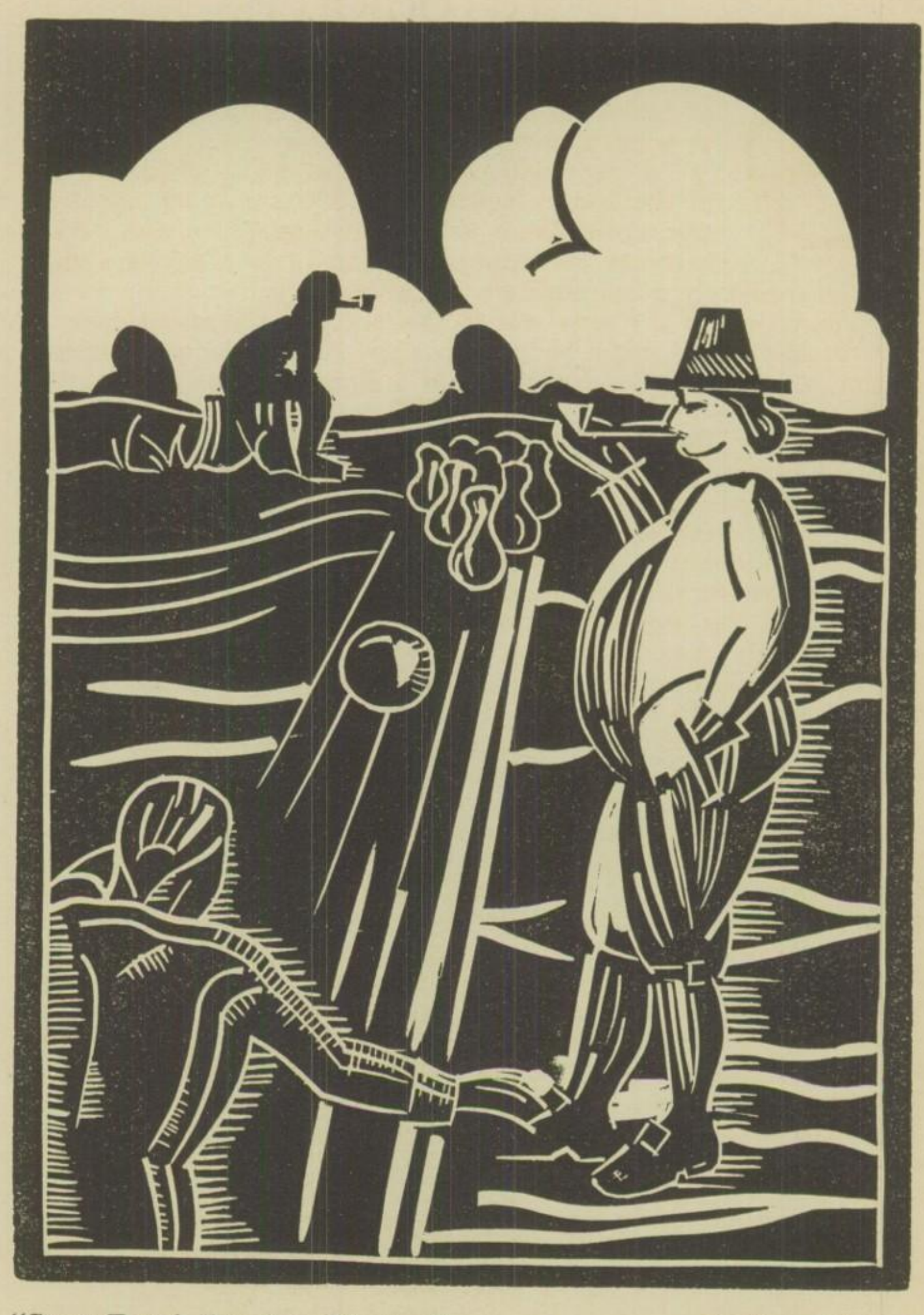
"Well, put it on anyway," I said. "It's better than nothing."

"You little know how wrong you are," she muttered between her teeth as she walked away.

She gave the order for the act to begin. When it did, I realized she knew whereof she was speaking. Hissings and roars of indignation were followed by exhibitions of pitching. People were throwing everything—shoes, dishes, books. I think it was a shoe that hit me for there was a shock, and then suddenly I awoke and was glad of it.

Lo! I had a dream, and that was it.

AUTOGRAPHS



"Stout Dutch Burghers Playing" *William Weber*

A NIGHT'S RAMBLING

Howard Skidmore, '34

ONE author writes, "Try to imagine, if you can, the first Manhattan settlement of four log huts situated at what is now No. 41 Broadway."

I went and tried, went at night when this tip of the Island, which is by day a moiling, shouting world of bankers, brokers, stenographers, and clerks, becomes the hunting ground of lone taxicabs that roar by, seemingly going nowhere in a great hurry.

The object of my visit was to find some of the atmosphere of old New York—not just a building, not just a brass plaque commemorating some Revolutionary deed, but a figment of the entire spirit of the past.

Stand by Bowling Green and try to imagine stout Dutch burghers playing at the same game as the Dwarfs of the Catskills. Who can conjure this delightful picture when the hallowed ground is torn into earthen breastworks and ditches, probably for the purpose of laying new sewer pipes?

Down at the Battery stands old Castle Gardens, now ignominiously called the Aquarium. Even this venerable pile that once resounded to the roar of cannons, later the trills of Jenny Lind, and now again the roars of sea lions, has been swept under by that American craze that attacks so many of our old buildings—modernization.

Today the aquarium stands as proudly forth in its new white stone facing as any financia district bank.

Two tugs hug the sea wall below. The steam from their funnels hisses into the air, condenses and falls as rain under a clear sky. In the pilot room of one of the tugs, the crew can be seen at their cards. Outside on the deck, away from his laughing fellows, a solitary reader sits huddled under a deck light. Can this be the counterpart of Conrad's Old Man (was it Nelson?) of the Narcissus? No, this reader is pursuing no paths of higher learning, but is just catching up on the daily tabloids he missed while up the bay.

A turn to the left and into the tunnel made by the elevated railroad that hangs low over Pearl Street, a squalid thoroughfare that no self-respecting oyster would lay maternal claim to. The only signs of life are occasional policemen, six footers, travelling generally in pairs, an indication of the nocturnal character of the neighborhood.

At the corner of De Peyster and South Streets even my monoxide-and-asphalt-deadened olfactory powers tell of an adjacent waterfront and the more pungent odor of fish—mostly dead.

On the river's edge is the low, rambling building that houses New York's east waterfront fish market.

See that feline Cleopatra stretched indolently at ease on a fish barrel. What pleasant imaginings of plenty, what thoughts of Cornucopea are stirred, how high this lowly cat must live in what are parlous times for human beings.

Who could be more gifted by the Gods, more regally repasted, more sumptously provided for, more near to Eden than a cat who ives in the fish market! How she must look down on those poor alley sisters who must chase wharf rats and raid refuse cans to refill their frugal larders!

At the side of the building a long dock stretches out into a dark river. At its distant end, which is one in color with the night, can be dimly seen the masts of the fishing fleet silhouetted against the sky.

The sign above says "No Trespassing", but to see the river by night is worth the chance. If the watchman comes I will look as respectable as possible, and when he calls my attention to the sign, explain to him that the sign is so dirty as to be really indecipherable.

From the end of the dock the river scene is a contrast of red, green and white lights on a black curtain. To the left, upstream, long trains of light move slowly over a huge arch of tiny points that is the Brooklyn Bridge. Over in "the rolling hills of verdure that is Brooklyn", a dental cream company has beautified the vista by the addition of huge letters of light that shriek the name of its product to the river fishes.

The watchman does not come, and after a while I retreat unchallenged.

North from the market a green light in a tower—a lasting memorial to the Titanic victims—and a gilt ship's figure of Sir Galahad over the door mark the Seamen's Church Institute.

Around the corner from the institute my spine stiffens momentarily as my eyes see something on the sidewalk—a man sprawled face downward. In any other part of the city such a sight would bring calls from the police and an ambulance. Here it might be death lying in the streets—or another more common disabler. The odds are so much in favor of the latter that no one stops to make sure.

To one of the columns that supports the Brooklyn Bridge a brass plaque is attached. It says, "On this site was located the first Presidential mansion, the home of George Washington." A century and a half ago this was a lovely residential section.

To the rear of a block of buildings that runs parallel to the bridge is a narrow, ill-lighted alley. Along its side, in the arches set into the brickwork of the bridge, are the bedrooms of the down and outers. In each arch sleep two masses of ragged clothes, couched in cardboard boxes, and mattressed on newspapers.

It is curious to note that everyone of the human derelicts passed that night carried a newspaper. To them the paper so freely discarded by others has an important economic use. It serves as clothing, used as padding under the outer garments; it is their mattress and pillow, a protection from the cold wherever they make their beds; and often it is their luggage if they have any extra articles of clothing or otherwise to carry.

Under the Brooklyn Bridge the East Side residential district starts. Spanish Cafes stand on every corner. Liquor bottles in the windows, billiard tables and other little round tables are inside. Through the uncurtained window a group of men can be seen seated around one of the tables. What iniquitous deeds are being hatched in this den? Walk in by the wall and get a closer look at the men around the table. Each clutches something in his hand, and in rotation they slap little ivory-faced blocks to the table—dominoes.

At the end of the alley there is again light and life along Park Row. Now that I have reached civilization, I can turn my collar down, lift my hat from my eyes, square my shoulders and look as prosperous as I care to—safely.

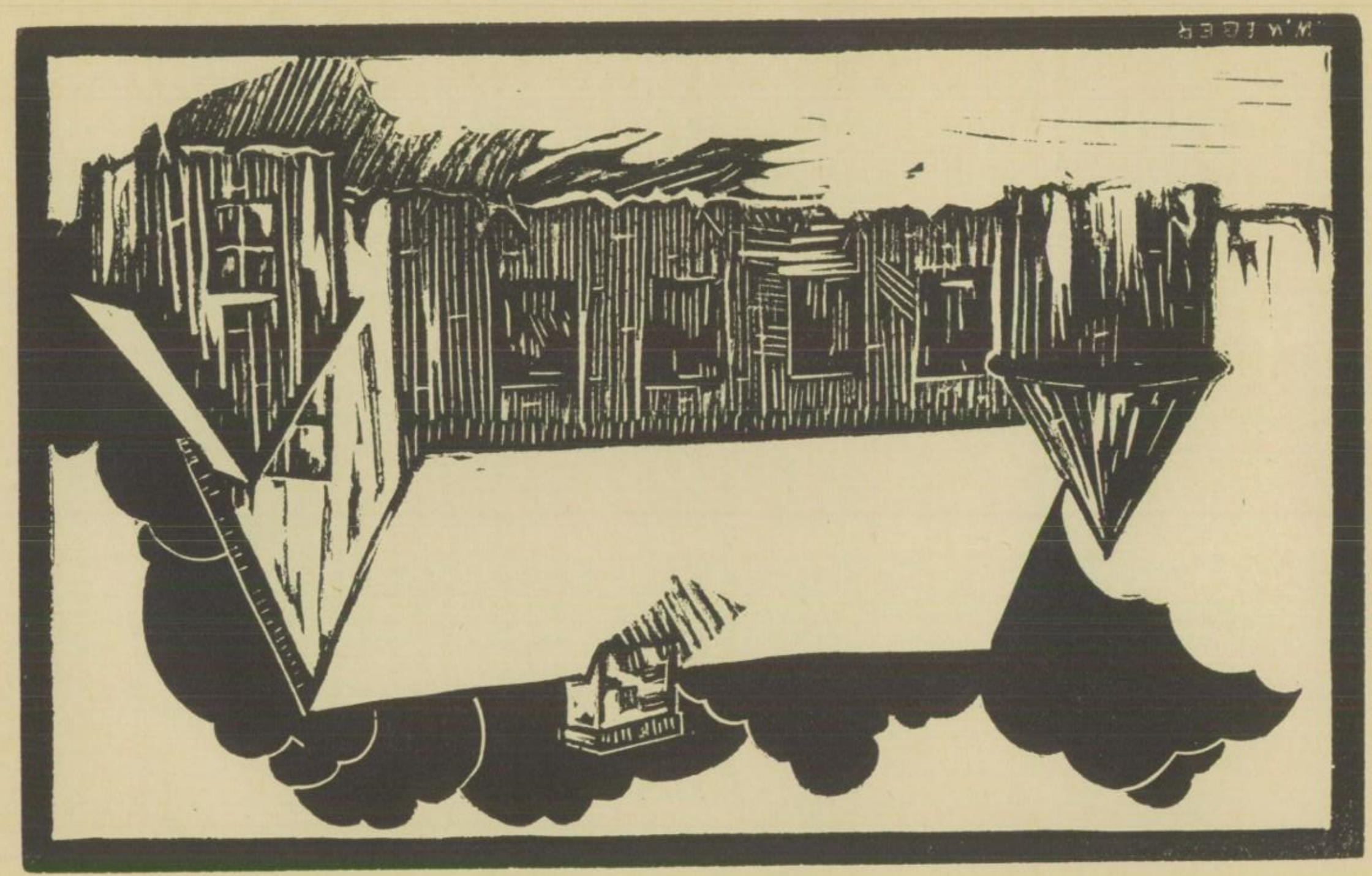
What—is there no thrilling adventure to end this night's ramblings? Alas, no. Only time to stop at this all-night bookshop to get a copy of "The Merchant of Venice" to read on the train and hurry home to bed. And when I'm home in a warm bed and afterwards, I'll send thanks to heaven that a newspaper means no more to me than something to read.

TO VERGIL

Across the dim, relentless years I feel
A glow of light shed from thy gentle eyes.
Before thy great, eternal words I kneel—
Upon my humble head your kind hand lies,
Your guiding touch pervades me, and your smile
Comes often back to me through mists of time.
Through this black print I hear your voice the while
You sing the history of your people's prime.
The power of the gods you knew is o'er—
Your more than mighty kinsmen all are gone.
The sea-swept shores, the men you loved, no more
Count passing years. Rome's splendid reign is done.

Sing on—undying verses crown thee king,
Immortal Vergil, kindly father, sing.

George Pratt, '35



THE DANCE OF THE DEAD

Midnight in the graveyard,
The soft summer breeze
Shivered and rustled
The weird Willow trees.

From behind an old tombstone
A ghastly skull peeped;
Then up from his grave
A white skeleton leaped.

Then up hopped another,
And then came one more,
And then still another;
That made it four.

One played the fiddle;
The next played the flute;
But the saxophone player
They wanted to shoot.

The fourth was the drummer,
His playing was grand.
This gruesome quartet
Was the skeleton band.

They all took their places
And got into line.
When the tuning was finished,
The four gave a sigh.

From behind every tombstone
Up popped a white head;
Then the graveyard was filled
With the dance of the dead.

They danced and they danced
Without stopping to rest.
In fact, toward the morning
The dancing was best.

There was leaping and hopping
And rattle of bones,
And screaming and shrieking
And horrible moans.

At last, at the first ray
Of dawn in the East,
The skeletons stopped
And the band music ceased.

Then they were rushing
And tumbling around,
And then, all was still;
They were back in the ground.

ME'N RICHIE

Ralph Wackstein, '33

H, I sigh when I think of those days with good old Admiral Byrd in '29. The Chief asked me to come along as the head of the brass-shiners' company on board.

The first night I had a good time in a crap game with Georgie, the cook, and my old pal, one-tooth O'Malley. Oh, what's wrong with a crap game, especially when I got Georgie's shirt and O'Malley's yellow tie. I went to sleep happy that night.

The next day I played cribbage with the Chief and he cleaned me out of five bucks, the old fox. But I got it back by borrowing it for keeps. Then in the night we listened to Eddie Cantor tell some jokes over the radio I told the boys five years ago, and then I and Richie (everybody called him that) entertained the mates with some tall stories and some high class jokes.

The other days were rather tame, but as the North Pole was neared, the men and the dogs strained to reach the final goal. One day we lowered the boats to get a look at what was inhabiting the vast bleakness of ice. We saw a white polar bear which started to get perturbed because one of my near-sighted comrades called him a dirty seal. It rushed at our chief and knocked him over with one swipe of its paw. Everybody was afraid, but I, nonchalantly smoking a Murad, looked the bear in the eyes and knocked him over with one breath—I had eaten garlic that day.

From that time on, the Chief and I started to get real chummy. One day while he was standing on the edge of the ship, I thought it would be a good idea to push him off. I did it, and, oh boy, was he mad—but he could take it. We shook hands and had a good laugh—ha—ha. One night at camp, while I was having a good snore, Richie threw cold water on me. I didn't even have time to yell, for my whole body, including my mouth, was frozen stiff. They had to hold me over the open fire for two hours before I was able to move even my left toe.

When we got back to New York, what a reception we got. Everybody cheered; poor Richie got some, but they were mostly, "Wackstein! Wackstein! Yeah for Wackstein!"

"YEAH FOR WACKSTEIN" *Michael Abandond*

THE SYMPHONY OF THE SUBWAY

The bell clangs.
The door bangs.
Steel bites steel,
The track and wheel.
The wheel grinds
The engine whines.
Then it steadily moans
In ascending tones.
Clickety clack,
The wheel hits the track.
Now louder than before,
The engine's roar
Drowns out
The passenger's shout.
The lights appear,
For the station is near.
The roar abates.
Then the screech of brakes
Stops the clickety clack
Of the wheel on the track.
The doors slide.
"Step aside!"
"Let 'em out!"
The conductor's shout.
Then the bell's ringing
Ends the song we're singing.

Robert Becker, '34

WINTER NIGHT

Last night I heard the frozen rain,
When all around was hushed and still,
Come tapping at my window pane,
And dancing on my window sill.

A tree which by the gateway stood,
Against the darkness strangely loomed;
No longer now a thing of wood,
But like a fan of crystal plumed.

Edward Daugan, '37

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CLOUDS

Catherine Gruenfelder, '34

While I idly sat and watched
A cloud float in the sky
I soon became aware of others
Following close by.

Some marched along in single file,
And some of them abreast,
And some old stragglers lagged behind,
Remote from all the rest.

The leader of this worthy host
Was nothing more or less
Than fluffy cream, whipped to a froth
Of tempting nothingness.

Before these puffy denizens
Had disappeared from sight,
A herd of sheep came prancing by,
All pink and blue and white.

Without a shepherd guiding them,
They seemed to know the track
That led to pasture-land from whence
There is no turning back.

And close behind this gentle flock,
Adrift on floating air,
A shape appeared which seemed to be
A prehistoric bear.

This fellow roamed the wide expanse
As though in search of prey,
And I was thankful that the sheep
Had long since gone their way.

My glance now wandered toward the west,
And there a misty cloud
Descended on the setting sun
And wrapped it in a shroud.

I vainly looked for vagrant clouds,
But all, it seemed to me,
Had disappeared with one accord
Into Eternity.

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